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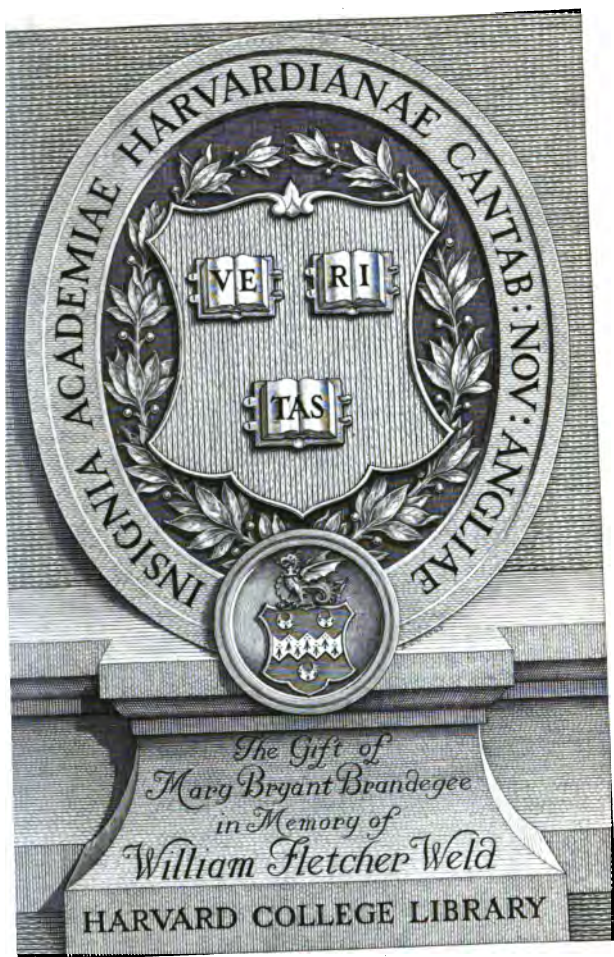
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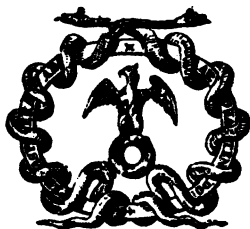
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# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

1564—1616.

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NOTWITHSTANDING the research assiduously devoted of late years to the biography of Shakspeare, the archives that have been explored, and the collateral lights that have been thrown upon the subject from various quarters, few new personal details of importance have been discovered, and the actual facts, ascertained and placed beyond doubt, are still scanty and fragmentary. To present these facts in a connected form, without venturing into the more ambitious province of investigation and conjecture, already occupied by many zealous inquirers, is the sole object proposed to be attempted in the following outline.\*

The ancestors of Shakspeare appear to have been settled in Warwickshire as far back as the 14th century. They spread over the whole county, and were found in most of the villages and towns. The name is still familiar there. Richard Shakspeare, of Snitterfield, is presumed to have been the paternal grandfather of the poet. This presumption rests mainly on the fact that only one family of that name can be traced at that period in the registers of the village, and that John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, had a brother Henry who resided there, which seems to establish the connection.

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\* In the preparation of the materials for this memoir, all the existing biographies of the poet have been consulted; but I must express my principal obligations to the elaborate *Life* by Mr. Halliwell, which I have chiefly followed throughout. The vast amount of information collected into that work, the variety of documentary evidence by which its statements are supported and illustrated, and the vast expenditure of time and toil bestowed upon its production, render it altogether one of the most remarkable monuments of industry and intelligence, concentrated on a single subject, in the whole range of biographical literature.

John Shakspeare married into the family of the Ardens, of Wilmecote. The Ardens belonged to the class of independent yeomen, and possessed landed property of considerable value. Several members of the family in former periods occupied positions of trust and honour. Robert Arden was married twice, and had seven daughters by his first wife, Mary, the youngest of whom was the mother of William Shakspeare. It is probable that the Shakspeares, although less is known about them, were in the same rank of life as the Ardens. It is certain that they held some land at Snitterfield, and it is conjectured that Richard was a farmer in substantial circumstances.

John Shakspeare came to reside at Stratford about 1551. In 1552 he was living in Henley-street, engaged in the business of a glover, as we learn from certain proceedings which subsequently took place in the bailiff's court. Some time in 1557 he married Mary Arden, with whom he received two copyhold tenements in Stratford, a small estate at Wilmecote, called Ashbies, variously estimated at from fifty to fifty-six acres, and his wife's portion of some property at Snitterfield. From this point his prosperity may be traced through the properties he purchased, the new affairs in which he embarked, the contributions he gave to the local charities, and the various offices he held in the town, till he ascended at last to the highest dignity the municipality could confer. In the year of his marriage he was chosen one of the burgesses, and appointed ale-taster; in 1558, he was elected one of the four constables, to which office he was re-elected in the following year, and also one of the four affeerors, whose duty it was to determine fines for offences not included in the statutes; to this post he was again elected in 1561, and also nominated one of the chamberlains for the borough, a situation which he held for two years; in 1565, he was chosen an alderman; in 1568, high bailiff; and in 1571, chief alderman. As his means and influence increased, he embraced a wider sphere of industrial operations, entered into agricultural speculations, and thence, by an easy transition, added to his other occu-

pations those of a butcher and a dealer in wool. These traditions concerning the pursuits of John Shakspeare descend to us from different sources; and while some of the biographers discredit the variety of his callings, others, with a larger faith, endeavour to reconcile them all. From the farm came the sheep that supplied the butcher, and the fleece that supplied the dealer in wool, and the goat-skins that were converted into gloves by the glover. However that may be, there is little reason to doubt that John Shakspeare was originally a glover in Stratford, that he afterwards farmed land, engaged in wool speculations, and at one period took up the business of a butcher.

According to Rowe, whose information came through a direct channel, John and Mary Shakspeare had ten children. The baptismal registers of Stratford record only seven. The following is the order of the baptisms:—1. Joan, Sept. 15, 1558. 2. Margaret, Dec. 2, 1562. 3. William, April 26, 1564. 4. Gilbert, Oct. 13, 1566. Gilbert is supposed to be the brother spoken of by Oldys as having frequently visited the poet in London, after he had become famous by his productions. 5. Joan, April 15, 1569. This being the second daughter of the same name, it is presumed that the former died before this date. Joan Shakspeare married William Hart, of Stratford, a hatter. One of her sons, William, is believed to have been the person of that name who afterwards became a player in London. It was this William Hart to whom Dr. Farmer imagined the dedication of the Sonnets was addressed; but the entry of his baptism on August 28, 1600, shows that some of the sonnets must have been written before he was born. Joan and her family are mentioned in Shakspeare's will. The Harts are said to be the only living descendants of Shakspeare's family. The pedigree, however, is imperfect. Some of the Harts removed in the last century to Tewkesbury, where the name may still be traced. Mr. Halliwell visited a person there, Thomas Shakspeare Hart, who claimed to be the eighth in descent from the poet's sister, and whose features bore a strong re-



semblance to those of the Stratford monument. The honour of being allied to the family was also asserted by Mary Hornby, whose maiden name was Hart, and who used to show the house at Stratford where the poet was born. Mr. Dyce saw this person, then an old woman, in 1820. She claimed the distinction, not only of being the sole survivor of the family, but of having inherited the dramatic inspiration of her great ancestor, for it seems she had written plays, and published them by subscription. 6. Anne, Sept. 28, 1571. She died in 1579. 7. Richard, March 11, 1573-4. Died 1612-3. 8. Edmund, May 3, 1580. Edmund became a player, and died in London in December, 1607, which is all that is known of him. In addition to these entries, there are three others: Ursula, 1588, Humphrey, 1590, Philip, 1591, the children of John Shakspeare; but the usual style of *Mr.* (by which Shakspeare's father was generally distinguished), being omitted in these instances in the register, it is conjectured that they referred to a shoemaker of the same name. The distinction of *Mr.*, however, was not invariably employed; and, if we admit any of these three entries to refer to the family of the poet, they would help to substantiate Rowe's statement.

At the time of William Shakspeare's birth, his father possessed no less than four houses in Henley-street, and the tradition which assigns one of these as the birth-place of the poet is clearly supported by a deed, extracted in fac-simile in Mr. Halliwell's memoir. Considerable changes have taken place in the house, which no longer exhibits that comfortable and rather spacious appearance it presented in the sixteenth century. Not only have most of the evidences of its antiquity been displaced by modern alterations, but the original building has been divided into separate tenements, and the poor cottage which now represents the birth-place, and which contains the room in which the poet was born, is but a small portion of the dwelling of John Shakspeare.

In 1564, the family were in thriving circumstances. Frequent donations to the poor attest the resources and the

social position of Shakspeare's father. The numerous occupations in which he was engaged, however, gradually involved him in embarrassments. In 1575, we find him purchasing more property in Henley-street; but three years afterwards he is forced to sell and mortgage. In the meanwhile, his son William had been placed at the free-school, where he received the rudiments of his education, the 'small Latin and less Greek' which has passed into a proverb; and when the pressure of debts compelled the family to restrict their expenses, the boy was brought home to assist his father in his pursuits. Up to 1577, John Shakspeare was a regular attendant at the meetings of the corporation. After that he seldom attended, and in 1586 he was deprived of his alderman's gown, because, as the record sets forth, he 'dothe not come to the halles when they be warned, nor hathe not done of longe tyme.' It is true that his continued absence is not a positive proof of pecuniary distress, since he was amenable on all those occasions to fines, which he must have paid; yet it may be assumed that the pressure of embarrassments, and, perhaps, some personal dissensions arising out of them, rendered him unwilling to appear at the councils. On the other hand, the payment of the fines does not establish the independence of his circumstances. In the struggle to sustain his local credit, sacrifices of that kind were inevitable.

Following, for the sake of continuity, the few personal incidents that have come to light connected with John Shakspeare, the next notice of importance concerning him is a return from the commissioners appointed to make inquiries respecting Jesuits and other recusants. It is dated Sept. 25, 1592, and it contains the names of certain recusants who had been before prosecuted for not coming monthly to the church at Stratford; and who were thought to forbear the church on account of debt, and for fear of process. Amongst these names is that of John Shakspeare; a conclusive evidence of the decline of his circumstances. The next notice of him appears in an application he made to the Heralds' College in 1596 for a grant of arms, which he obtained. As this proceeding

involved considerable expense, it would seem to imply that he had by this time retrieved his affairs; but it has been supposed, with greater probability, that the application was made at the instance of his son, whose rising reputation made him ambitious of elevating the condition of his family. A second grant of arms was conferred upon him in 1599, confirming the former, and enabling him to impale with his own bearings those of the Ardens. The last reference to John Shakspeare is in a paper containing notes of an action of trespass in 1601, in which he appears to have been called as a witness. He died in the same year, and was buried on the 8th September. His widow survived him seven years, and was buried September 9th, 1608.

Of the boyhood and youth of William Shakspeare little is known with certainty. The earliest notice is to be found in the gossiping pages of Aubrey, who, in his loose way, tells us that when Shakspeare was a boy he exercised his father's calling of a butcher, adding, in another place, that in his younger years he was a schoolmaster in the country. The former statement acquires some corroboration from the testimony of the parish clerk of Stratford, who, in 1693, being then upwards of eighty years of age, asserted that the poet in his boyhood had been apprenticed to a butcher, and that he ran away from his master to London, where he was received into the playhouse. If these two reports, coming from independent sources, may not be considered conclusive of the fact, their concurrence at least establishes beyond doubt the existence of a local tradition to that effect. The other statement, that Shakspeare was a schoolmaster in the country, is not only unsupported by evidence, but extremely improbable in itself.

Rowe, who compiled the first connected account of Shakspeare's life, from information collected in Warwickshire by Betterton towards the close of the seventeenth century, makes no allusion to either of these stories; but he confirms indirectly the truth of the first. He says that Shakspeare's father, being in narrow circumstances, and wanting his son's

assistance at home, withdrew him from school before he had made much proficiency in his studies. Whether the business was that of a dealer in wool, as we learn from Rowe, or of a butcher, as asserted by Aubrey, is not very material; both statements agree in the main fact that Shakspeare was taken from school to help his father in his pursuits, which appear, from other accounts, to have been of a multifarious character. Some of the poet's biographers are unwilling to believe that his education was thus prematurely interrupted; but it may be presumed that a literary education was not considered of so much importance as a practical daily employment by a family utterly unqualified to judge of its advantages, and pressed upon, moreover, by the urgent distresses that were gathering round them. Shakspeare's father and mother could not write their names; other members of the family were equally destitute of the common rudiments of education; and amongst them is found Judith Shakspeare, one of the poet's sisters, whose mark is preserved in a fac-simile by Mr. Halliwell. It may be concluded, therefore, without opening the vexed question of Shakspeare's learning, that, whatever knowledge of books or languages he acquired, or however he acquired it, his obligations to the grammar-school of Stratford were not very considerable.

It has been conjectured, from the number of law phrases introduced by Shakspeare in his plays, that he must have been engaged in the office of an attorney after he was removed from school. An obscure passage in one of Nashe's tracts, where he speaks of 'shifting companions' having 'the trade of *noverint* (lawyer's clerk), whereto they were born, and busying themselves with the endeavours of art,' has been supposed to have a personal reference to Shakspeare, although the very terms of the description indicate a class of persons who had been regularly bred to the law as a profession, and had afterwards abandoned it. Malone took up the notion on the ground of the internal evidence furnished by the plays, and was followed by Steevens, Ritson, and Chalmers. Mr. Collier adopts the same opinion, and Mr. Brown, who exhibits

considerable confidence in dealing with other hypotheses resting on no more sure foundation, treats it as a fact established beyond controversy. It is necessary, however, to draw a strict line between the imaginary and the authentic biography of Shakspeare; and to exhibit clearly the nature of the data upon which speculations of this kind are based. So little is really known of the early life of Shakspeare, that there is ample room for the exercise of fancy; but too much caution cannot be observed in attempting to fill the blank by hints drawn from his writings. The universality of his genius, and that intuitive knowledge which he seemed to possess of almost every art and occupation, as of every phase of human experience, manifestly render such experiments hazardous and delusive. If he has not illustrated other callings as fully as that of the law, the language of which enters, more or less, into the ordinary affairs of life, he has shown at least a similar familiarity with their technical details; and the same line of reasoning which led Malone to infer that he had been employed in an attorney's office, might be extended with equal justification over an indefinite range of occupations by sea and land.

Of the interval between Shakspeare's removal from school and his marriage, which took place in the latter part of 1582, when he was eighteen years of age, nothing is known, except that he was engaged in his father's business. The marriage under such circumstances was sufficiently imprudent; but there is no reason for concluding that it was entered into without the knowledge of his family. Anne Hathaway was the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a farmer living at the village of Shottery, in the neighbourhood of Stratford. She was born in 1556, and was, consequently, eight years older than Shakspeare. The families had long been on terms of intimacy, and the attachment between the poet and his bride, who is said to have been beautiful, grew up probably in their childhood. The bondsmen whose names appear in the marriage bond were respectable inhabitants of Stratford, and the seal used at its execution bears the initials R. H.; circum-

stances which seem to imply that the union was sanctioned by responsible friends on both sides. The place where the marriage was celebrated has not been traced. There is no entry of it in the Stratford register. All that has been further recorded of the domestic life of Shakspeare during the short period he remained in Stratford after his marriage is discovered in the baptismal entries. A daughter, Susannah, was born in May, 1583; and in January, 1584-5, the family was increased by twins, Hamnet and Judith. Not long subsequently to this time, in 1585 or 1586, Shakspeare quitted his native town for the metropolis, leaving his wife behind him.

The cause of his departure has been generally ascribed to a youthful indiscretion which brought him under the displeasure of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. The tradition is related in detail by Rowe, who states that Shakspeare had fallen into the company of some wild young men, who were in the habit of stealing deer from the neighbouring preserves, and who prevailed upon him, on more than one occasion, to join them in their depredations in the park at Charlecote. The result was, that he was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy with considerable severity; for which Shakspeare is said to have taken ample revenge in a satirical ballad, a fragment of which has been preserved by Oldys. The story is corroborated in its essential particulars by other authorities; and no doubt can be entertained that, whatever may be the exact amount of truth in it, the tradition has long been current in Stratford. The portraits Shakspeare has drawn of silly justices of the peace, and the zest with which he exposes their petty tyranny, pomp, and ignorance, independently of certain passages supposed to have a special allusion to Sir Thomas Lucy, are referred to as evidences of the feelings generated in his mind by the harshness with which he was treated, or threatened, by the proprietor of Charlecote.

Having resolved to seek his fortune in London, the particular pursuit upon which he cast himself, if not determined by the instinct of his genius, was, probably, suggested by the

frequent opportunities he had enjoyed of witnessing theatrical representations in his youth. There was scarcely a year in which one company or another, belonging to Lord Leicester, Lord Worcester, Lord Warwick, or some other nobleman, did not appear at the Guildhall. It was usual for the mayor to order a performance at his own expense, or at the expense of the corporation, throwing open the entertainment to the townspeople; and numerous entries in the chamberlain's accounts inform us of the amount of the largess bestowed upon the actors. In one year the Queen's players received nine shillings, and the Earl of Worcester's one; and at another time Lord Shandowe's players were paid three shillings and fourpence, which seems to have been the average sum for an evening's performance. At these free entertainments Shakspeare's enthusiasm was awakened, and the passion they inspired led him at once to the door of the theatre on his arrival in the metropolis.

His first employment, according to a writer who traces the anecdote up to Sir William Davenant, was that of holding gentlemen's horses at the doors of the playhouse, an avocation in which he showed so much diligence that his business rapidly increased, and he was obliged at last to hire boys to assist him. This story has evidently been augmented in its descent, and is in other respects improbable. Having sought out the theatre as a means of subsistence, Rowe's statement, that he was received into the company in a very mean rank, perhaps as call-boy to the performers, or 'servitude' to one of the actors, is better entitled to credit. It is in the highest degree likely that he obtained access to the stage at once through the introduction of some of the players he had become acquainted with on their annual visits to Stratford.

Certain it is that, however subordinate may have been the situation in which he first became connected with the playhouse, his progress to eminence was rapid. Unfortunately no means of exhibiting the course of that progress exist; and from the moment he left his native town, until he secured fame and fortune, and returned to it again, the chief

materials for his biography consist in the catalogue of his productions, and the scanty, and frequently obscure, allusions of his contemporaries.

The earliest authentic notice that occurs of him is found in a pamphlet called *A Groat's worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, published in 1592, at least six years after he had been settled in London. The whole history of the interval, or rather all that we are now likely to learn of that history, is here comprised in a single paragraph. The *Groat's worth of Wit* was written shortly before his death by Greene, the dramatist, and was immediately afterwards prepared for the press by Chettle. Broken down by a life of abandoned profligacy, Greene seems to have contemplated an act of atonement in his last hours, and to have written this tract as a warning to his friends and boon companions, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, to amend their lives, and, profiting by the misery of his example, to relinquish the thankless labour of catering for the theatre. After describing the players as puppets that speak from the mouths of the dramatists, 'antics garnished in our colours,' he goes on: 'Is it not strange that I, to whom they have all been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they have all been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; *for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes fac totum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country.*' The reference to Shakspeare in this passage is unmistakeable; and the sequel to it possesses a still stronger personal interest. Marlowe and Shakspeare were offended at the freedom which had been taken with them in this pamphlet; and Chettle, in the preface to a work he published a few months afterwards, took occasion to make an *amende* to Shakspeare for the share he had in bringing Greene's tract before the public. Speaking of Marlowe and Shakspeare, he says:—'With neither of



them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [Marlowe] I care not if I never be: The other, [Shakspeare,] whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion, especially in such a case, the author being dead, that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. *Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, which approves his art.'*

From these passing references we gather several important particulars concerning the occupations and character of Shakspeare. It is clear that in 1592 Shakspeare was both actor and dramatist, and that he had been employed in remodelling for the stage pieces written by Peele and others. The prominence given to him by Greene implies that he had already acquired a position of influence in the theatre; and it may be inferred that, independently of original authorship, or of extensive revisions of the plays of others, he exercised a control over the new pieces submitted for representation—a function which was more likely than any other to excite the jealousy of his brother dramatists. This slight allusion to him by Chettle is valuable as a contemporary testimony. It agrees with other accounts in showing that the highest genius was not incompatible in Shakspeare with integrity and prudence in the common business of life.

The *status* he held as an actor cannot be satisfactorily ascertained. Rowe says that he never got beyond the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, and Wright tells us that he heard he was a better poet than actor; but other authorities, some of them nearer to the time of the poet, warrant the belief that he played a variety of parts, and achieved a considerable success in them. Aubrey affirms that he acted 'exceedingly well;' and his contemporary, Davies, alludes to his playing 'kingly parts,' which is in some measure confirmed by a current tradition that

Queen Elizabeth was in the theatre on one occasion when Shakspeare was personating a king, and finding him so engrossed in his part that he took no notice of her recognition of him as she crossed the stage, her Majesty returned and dropped her glove, which the poet immediately took up, adding the following couplet to the speech he was then delivering :—

And though now bent on this high embassy,  
Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove.

Upon which he withdrew from the scene and presented the glove to her Majesty. Like all other traditions which cannot be traced to any reliable source, this story must be taken on trust. But there is nothing improbable in it; for Queen Elizabeth is known to have bestowed her patronage on Shakspeare at an early period of his career. It is stated on good authority that her Majesty was so well pleased with the character of Falstaff in the two parts of *Henry IV.*, that she commanded the poet to write a comedy for the express purpose of showing Falstaff in love; and was so eager for the gratification of her whim that she desired the work to be finished in fourteen days, within which time the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was completed. This was in 1593. The royal favour was continued to him by Elizabeth's successor, and sundry entries in the accounts of the revels show that Shakspeare's plays were frequently performed at Whitehall during the time of James I. Early in that reign he was a member of the King's company of players, and it may be presumed that he was himself a performer at Court in some of his own plays. The King is said, on the authority of Lintot, to have written an 'amicable letter' to Shakspeare, who is supposed to have committed some offence in the performance of one of his 'kingly parts,' which his Majesty was gracious enough to forgive. Lintot states that the letter had long remained in the hands of Sir William Davenant, and Oldys confirms the statement on the testimony of the Duke of Buckingham. If Downes, the prompter, who flourished towards the middle and latter part of the seventeenth century, may be depended

upon, Taylor and Lowen, two of the original actors in Shakspeare's plays, were taught their parts by Shakspeare; and the special instructions given to them in the characters of *Hamlet* and the *King* in *Henry VIII.* were transmitted through Sir William Davenant to Betterton, who is said, in consequence, to have played those parts with great success. All these circumstances lead to the conclusion that Shakspeare, who thoroughly understood the theory of the art of acting, as he shows in *Hamlet's* advice to the players, was also master of it in practice.

Shakspeare's rank as an actor is indicated by the place his name occupies in documents connected with the theatre. These documents also show the rapid advance he made from obscurity to wealth and reputation. In 1596 the inhabitants of the Liberty of Blackfriars appealed to the authorities to prohibit the acting of stage plays in that vicinity; in consequence of which the Lord Chamberlain's players petitioned the Privy Council for permission to carry on the repairs of the theatre, in order that they might continue their performances. This petition was signed by the members of the company, who were sharers in the property, and Shakspeare's name is fifth on the list, following those of Pope, Burbage, Heminge, and Phillips. Seven years later, in 1603, considerable changes had taken place in the relative positions of the proprietors, showing still more conclusively the steady progress of the poet in the honours and profits of his profession. The licence granted to the company in that year by James I. enumerates the principal shareholders, and on this occasion Shakspeare's name appears second, succeeded by Burbage, Phillips, and Heminge. Lawrence Fletcher, whose name does not occur in the petition of 1596, had succeeded to the first place, formerly occupied by Pope, who had now retired.

The main sources of Shakspeare's prosperity are sufficiently obvious in the variety of his powers, and the great industry with which he applied them to his objects. The patronage of the Court accelerated his advancement, and he derived

additional advantages from the friendship of Lord Southampton. In 1593, he published the *Venus and Adonis*, followed in the ensuing year by *The Rape of Lucrece*, both dedicated to Lord Southampton, who had then scarcely attained his majority. From the terms of the second dedication it may be inferred that he had already received substantial proofs of his lordship's favour; and Rowe informs us that on one occasion his liberal patron presented him with a sum of a thousand pounds, to enable him to effect an investment he wished to make. The anecdote is probably in excess of the fact, and can scarcely, under any circumstances, apply to this early period. Considering the relative value of money, so munificent a gift is in itself incredible; but whatever may have been the tribute which, in this form, Lord Southampton paid to the genius of the poet, it was more likely to have been conferred at a later time, when Shakspeare was increasing his shares in the theatre, and contemplating the acquisition of property in his native county. His attachment to Stratford suffered no diminution from the temptations of a London life. Aubrey says that he was in the habit of visiting his family annually; and early in the year 1597 he bought one of the best dwelling-houses in the town, called New Place, which he repaired and improved. His pecuniary circumstances must have been ample at this time; for, notwithstanding the expenditure of £60 upon the purchase of New Place, and the further outlay for its renovation, we find Richard Quynay, of Stratford, the father of the Thomas Quynay who afterwards married his younger daughter, applying to him in 1598 for the loan of £30, with perfect confidence in his ability to lend it without inconvenience. Richard Quynay was in London on business for the Corporation when he made this request of his affluent countryman; and it further appears that the Stratford people looked upon Shakspeare as a rich man, and were anxious to induce him to extend his purchases in the neighbourhood. From this period he constantly kept up his relations with the town, investing money in lands, houses, and tithes, and entering

into numerous pecuniary transactions. Throughout these affairs he displayed a practical vigilance and sagacity rarely found in combination with the poetical character. But this knowledge of the world, and good sense in the conduct of ordinary affairs, was one of the great secrets of his genius.

In the meanwhile, he was pursuing his career in the metropolis with increasing success. Meres enumerates, in 1598, no less than twelve plays he had then produced; and this list evidently does not include the whole of his dramatic pieces up to that date. The facility of composition which this surprising catalogue evinces, is testified by Heminge and Condell, who tell us that he wrote without a blot in his papers, and by Ben Jonson, who says of him, 'I loved the man, and do honour to his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasia, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.'

It is stated by Rowe that Jonson owed to Shakspeare his introduction to the stage. Jonson, at that time altogether unknown, had submitted a play to the actors, which they were about to reject, when Shakspeare interfered on his behalf. The story is discredited by Gifford; but it derives a sort of collateral support from its accordance with the kindness and generosity of Shakspeare's nature, and from the close friendship which afterwards subsisted between the two poets. Of all Shakspeare's London associates, Ben Jonson was the most intimate, and the 'wit-combats' that took place between them at their meetings are specially recorded by Fuller, who compares Jonson to a Spanish great galleon, and Shakspeare to an English man-of-war; the former 'built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances,' the latter 'lesser in bulk, lighter in sailing,' and capable of 'turning with all sides, tacking about and taking advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.' These 'wit-combats' are supposed to have passed at the convivial meetings of a club established by Sir Walter Raleigh at the Mermaid in Friday-street—a tradition for which there is no

positive authority. The reliques of the wit that have come down are by no means remarkable for brilliancy, and consist chiefly of snatches of impromptu doggrel, amusing enough at the moment of utterance, but yielding a very inadequate notion of the humours of a society of which such men as Beaumont and Fletcher, Selden and Donne were members.

The company Shakspeare originally joined at the Blackfriars, he continued in throughout the whole period of his connection with the stage. They afterwards built the Globe, on the Bankside, which they used for their performances in summer, opening the Blackfriars in the winter time. There were, besides these, several other theatres in London; the principal being the Curtain, in which Pope was one of the sharers, the Paris Garden, the Red Bull, in St. John-street, the Whitefriars, and the Fortune. It would be interesting to trace the improvements which we may presume were introduced upon the stage by Shakspeare; but there is no record of the direct influence he exercised in the management. We can only infer the advance that was made in the art of acting, from the impulse he gave to the literature of the drama. The arrangements of the playhouse were simple and primitive. What were called the private theatres were covered over with a roof; but in the other houses the pit was open to the weather. The prices of admission were much on the same scale, allowing for the difference in the value of money, as in our own time: the boxes were usually a shilling, and the scale descended to sixpence, twopence, and a penny. The performance commenced at three o'clock, and the drawing of the curtain, which opened in the centre, was announced by a flourish of trumpets. At the third flourish, the audience were apprized that the play was about to begin. The stage was strewn with rushes, and it was customary for young gallants to take up their station at the sides, upon stools provided for the purpose. In the intervals between the acts, the audience amused themselves playing at cards or dice, and smoking and drinking. The only contrivances that were employed in the way of scenery were traverses, or curtains, at the back of the stage, which were opened or closed as occasion

required; and a balcony, which answered the purpose of the battlements, windows, and raised terraces, sometimes required to carry out different parts of the dialogue. Changes of scene were indicated by signboards, on which were painted the names of the places to which the action was about to be removed. The female parts were generally acted by boys, a custom that continued down to the Restoration, when the whole system underwent a complete revolution.

The exact date of Shakspeare's retirement from the stage has not been ascertained. The last notice of his appearance is in the cast of Jonson's *Sejanus*, produced at the Globe, in 1603. His name occurs in the list of the King's company, in 1604; but there is reason to believe that at that time he had finally taken up his residence at Stratford. In 1602, he had added considerably to his property in that neighbourhood, by the purchase of 107 acres of arable land, for which he paid £320, and a further purchase of an estate which cost him £60. In 1604, we find him bringing an action against one Philip Rogers, for malt he had sold to him; and in 1605, he made the largest of his investments, purchasing, for £440, an unexpired term in a lease of certain tithes. From these circumstances, and the frequent recurrence of his name in connection with legal and other proceedings, having reference to Stratford, it may be inferred that he closed his relations with London, as an actor, shortly after his appearance in *Sejanus*, at the Globe. Ward, the vicar of Stratford, whose diary bears the date of 1662, repeats a tradition he had heard in the town, to the effect that Shakspeare lived in his latter days at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays annually, which enabled him to expend £1000 a-year. The amount is obviously an error, arising from the exaggerated notion the common people entertained of his wealth.

The value of the property amassed by Shakspeare has been variously estimated. Malone computes it at £200 a-year, Gildon at £300. Even the lower amount would have furnished him with an ample income.

A passage in a contemporary tract called *Ratseis Ghost* is

supposed to refer to Shakspeare's successful progress as an actor, his accumulation of wealth, and his final settlement in the country. The date of the tract may be surmised from its subject. Ratsey, a famous highwayman, whose 'madde pranks and robberies' are here recorded, was executed at Bedford in March, 1605. The history of his exploits was no doubt published immediately afterwards; and it appears to have been so favourably received that the compiler added a Second Part, from which the following extract is taken. Both parts were, probably, printed before the close of 1605, or early in 1606; and if the supposition be well founded that the personal allusion is to Shakspeare, it fixes, with tolerable certainty, the date of his retirement to Stratford. Ratsey is described addressing the principal performer in a company of strolling players, and advising him to go to London, 'for,' he says, 'if one man were dead, they will have much need of such as thou art.' This 'one man' was Richard Burbage, for Ratsey goes on to say that he would risk all the money in his purse on his *protégé* 'to play *Hamlet* with him for a wager'—a part in which Burbage excelled. The remainder of Ratsey's speech to the strolling player throws an important light upon the history of the stage, and shows that it was not only a lucrative profession, but that its members were distinguished by the thriftiness of their habits.

'There thou shall learn to be frugal (for players were never so thrifty as they are now about London), and to feed upon all men; to let none feed upon thee; to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket, thy heart slow to perform thy tongue's promise; and when thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place of lordship in the country, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may then bring thee to dignity and reputation: then thou needest care for no man; no, not for them that before made thee proud with speaking their words on the stage.' 'Sir, I thank you,' quoth the player, 'for this good council: I promise you I will make use of it, for I have heard, indeed, of some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy.'

Shakspeare seems to be plainly pointed out in this passage. Other actors had made fortunes, but the particular circum-



stances indicated apply to Shakspeare alone. Other actors had come meanly to London, some of them, it is conjectured, from Warwickshire, and had in time acquired wealth; but of none of them is it recorded that they had bought lordships in the country. It is remarkable, also, that Shakspeare's personal intercourse with the actors who performed in his plays fell off upon his retirement. There is no trace of his having received any of them at Stratford; although, with the affectionate fidelity of his character, he left tokens of remembrance in his will to his 'fellows,' Heminge, Burbage, and Condell; and to this cessation of intercourse, Ratsey apparently alludes, when he says, that the retired actor need care for no man, 'not for them that before made him proud with speaking their words on the stage.' Shakspeare was not the only London actor who had written plays, and who might be said to be made proud by the delivery of their words on the stage; but his conspicuous position as a dramatist, his lordship in the country, and the loosening of his theatrical ties, clearly identify him with the whole description.

The Stratford tradition preserved by Ward, that Shakspeare supplied the stage with two plays a year after his retirement affords as satisfactory a proof as can now be obtained that the period of his withdrawal from the theatre was not coincident, as has been generally supposed, with the termination of his dramatic labours. It enables us, also, to distinguish with some approach to accuracy those plays that were written in the ease and leisure of the country, from those that were produced amidst the hurry and excitement of the actor's life in London. The chronology of Shakspeare's plays is formed altogether upon circumstantial evidence, and must always be considered liable to correction, from the discovery of new facts. The following list is founded on such materials as now exist for the determination of dates. It includes the comedy of *Love's Labour Won*, spoken of by Meres, and supposed to be lost, and the First Part of *Henry VI.*, and *Titus Andronicus*, which some of Shakspeare's editors have rejected as spurious, although they were included in the folio of 1623.

Pericles . . . . .	1590	Henry V. . . . .	1599
Henry VI. Part I. . . . .	1590	As You Like it . . . . .	1599
" " II. . . . .	1591	Much Ado about Nothing . . . . .	1600
" " III. . . . .	1591	Hamlet . . . . .	1600
Two Gentlemen of Verona . . . . .	1591	Merry Wives of Windsor . . . . .	1601
Comedy of Errors . . . . .	1592	Twelfth Night . . . . .	1601
Love's Labour Lost . . . . .	1592	Troilus and Cressida . . . . .	1602
Love's Labour Won . . . . .	1592	Henry VIII. . . . .	1603
Richard II. . . . .	1593	Measure for Measure . . . . .	1603
Richard III. . . . .	1593	Othello . . . . .	1604
Titus Andronicus . . . . .	1594*	King Lear . . . . .	1605
Midsummer Night's Dream . . . . .	1594	Macbeth . . . . .	1606
Taming of the Shrew . . . . .	1596	Julius Cæsar . . . . .	1607
Romeo and Juliet . . . . .	1596	Antony and Cleopatra . . . . .	1608
Merchant of Venice . . . . .	1597	Cymbeline . . . . .	1609
Henry IV. Part I. . . . .	1597	Coriolanus . . . . .	1610
" " II. . . . .	1598	Timon of Athens . . . . .	1610
King John . . . . .	1598	Tempest . . . . .	1611†
All's Well that ends well . . . . .	1598	Winter's Tale . . . . .	1611

Assuming, then, that Shakspeare finally took up his residence at Stratford about 1604 or 1605, we find that he produced at least eight plays after he left the stage, perhaps nine or ten. His time, therefore, was not wholly consumed in law-suits and the augmentation of his property; and it is pleasant to have some grounds for believing that when independence left him free to choose his pursuits, he reverted to the literature which his genius had adorned and dignified. His labours between the years 1604 and 1611 were quite as constant as at any former period.

During the early part of his settlement in the country, he appears to have occasionally visited the metropolis. In 1608 and 1609 he was engaged in a suit with a townsman for the recovery of a debt, and the proceedings were protracted over a whole year. It is presumed that the delays were occasioned by Shakspeare's absence. In 1609, an assessment was made upon him for the relief of the poor of Southwark, possibly accruing from some property he held there. We have an additional evidence of his relations with the metropolis in the

\* The date of its original publication; but in the order of production this play is, probably, one of the earliest.

† The date here assigned to *The Tempest* is that of the earliest authentic notice extant of its performance. It was played at Court in Nov., 1611, which suggests the presumption that it was then a new piece. Some of the commentators are of opinion that it is one of the early plays; but the opinion is unsupported by evidence.

fact of a purchase he made in 1613 of a tenement in the Blackfriars, from which it has been inferred that even up to that date he had not entirely withdrawn from his interest in the theatre. In 1614, Shakspeare was certainly in London, as we discover from some curious documents brought to light by Mr. Halliwell, respecting an attempt that was made to enclose certain open fields near the town, to which rights of common were attached. The tithes Shakspeare had formerly purchased extended over these fields, and as the value of the tithes would have been affected by the enclosures, he insisted upon receiving compensation from the parties with whom the design originated. The Corporation, being equally interested in preserving the rights of common for the benefit of the poor, applied to Shakspeare for his co-operation; and their clerk, whom they sent to London for the purpose, had an interview with him on the subject. Shakspeare evidently took an active part in resisting the proposed encroachment; and a memorandum, dated on the 1st September, 1615, represents him saying to one of the persons concerned, that 'he was not able to bear the enclosing of Welcombe.' The importance attached to his personal influence is exhibited in the pains taken by the Corporation to secure it. The letter they transmitted to him by their clerk was signed by nearly the whole body.

Shakspeare's three children, Susannah, Hamnet, and Judith, were all born before he left Stratford; and when he returned to reside there two only were surviving. Hamnet died in 1596. Susannah was married to Dr. Hall on the 5th of June, 1607; and in the December of the same year Edmund Shakspeare died in London. The entry of his burial at St. Saviour's, on the last day of the year, as we should now call it, is almost as striking as that of Massinger: '1607, Dec. 31, *Edmond Shakspeare, a player: in the church.*' On this occasion 20s. were paid for a 'forenoon knell of the great bell,' probably at the desire of his brother. In the following September, Shakspeare's mother died. The next incident on record connected with the poet is that of his having stood godfather in the October of 1608 to William Walker, the child of a townsman.

No details have been preserved of Shakspeare's life at Stratford; but the general tenour of his occupations may be gathered from the few suggestive particulars collected in the preceding pages. Rowe says that 'his pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.' The only anecdote, however, that survives of his wit is utterly irreconcilable with his good-nature, and is otherwise as unworthy of him as the quips and doggrels of the Mermaid. Fortunately, there is equal reason for doubting its authenticity. There was in Stratford a certain John Combe, an old gentleman noted for his wealth and usury, who, in a lively conversation with Shakspeare, told him that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, and, as he could not know after his death what might be said of him, he requested Shakspeare would write it at once. Shakspeare immediately produced these lines:—

Ten in the Hundred lies here ingraved;  
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved:  
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?  
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

There are several versions of these lines; and Mr. Halliwell has shown that the same joke is to be found in a variety of shapes in the epigrammatical collections of the seventeenth century. One of them, which bears the date of 1608, encloses the whole idea in a single couplet:—

Ten in the hundred lies under this stone,  
And a hundred to ten to the devil he's gone.

It was said that Combe never forgave this satire; but the story, from first to last, is completely disproved by the fact that John Combe left a legacy of five pounds to Shakspeare, and that Shakspeare, in testimony of his regard for the family, bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe.

On the 10th of February, 1616, Shakspeare's younger daughter, Judith, was married to Thomas Quynne, a vintner. At this time, if the conjecture that his will had been drawn up shortly before be correct, Shakspeare was in perfect health; but the close of his career was at hand, and from certain

interlineations in his will, which appear to have been hurriedly introduced, his last illness is supposed to have been sudden and short. The only circumstantial reference to the cause of his death that has descended to us is found in the memorandum book of Mr. Ward, already quoted, and it seems to confirm this view. Mr. Ward says that 'Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.' This is the whole account we possess of the death of the greatest of the world's poets. Dr. Hall, his son-in-law, who probably attended him, left no statement of the case behind him.

William Shakspeare died at New Place, on the 23rd of April, 1616, at the age of fifty-two, and was buried in Stratford church two days afterwards. A flat stone, covering the spot in the chancel where he was interred, still bears its quaint and solemn inscription:—

GOOD FRIEND FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE  
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:  
BLEST BE THE MAN THAT SPARES THES STONES,  
AND CŲEST BE HE THAT MOVES MY BONES.

The following is a copy of Shakspeare's will:—

#### SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.*

In the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

*First*,—I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

*Item*,—I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the money shall be

unpaid unto her after my decease ; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

*Item*,—I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid : and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereon coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them ; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron ; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease ; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

*Item*,—I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease ; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

*Item*,—I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William

Hart, — Hart, and Michael Hart five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

*Item*,—I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, (except my broad silver and gilt bowl,) that I now have at the date of this my will.

*Item*,—I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Coombe my sword; to Thomas Russel, Esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

*Item*,—I give and bequeath to Hamlet [Hamnet] Sadler twenty six shillings eight pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty six shillings eight pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty six shillings eight pence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty six shillings eight pence; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty six shillings eight pence apiece, to buy them rings.

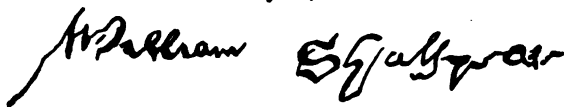
*Item*,—I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Strete, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopston, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susannah Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susannah lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such

issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever.

*Item*,—I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.

*Item*,—I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susannah his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, Esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And I do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me,



Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA. COLLYNS,  
JULIUS SHAW,  
JOHN ROBINSON,  
HAMNET SADLER,  
ROBERT WHATTCOAT.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Bryde, Legum Doctore, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata protestate, &c. Susannæ Hall, alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur, &c.



The signature of Shakspeare appears in three different places on the will. The above is a fac-simile of the last, the clearest and firmest.

Shakspeare's bequest to his wife of his 'second-best bed, with the furniture' had long been regarded as evidence of an unhappy union, and an intentional mark of disrespect in the testator; but Mr. Knight, by calling attention to the operation of the law, showed the utter fallacy of that opinion. Shakspeare's property, with the exception of a copyhold tenement, expressly mentioned in his will, was freehold, and it was, therefore, unnecessary to provide for his widow in his will, as she was legally entitled to a life interest of a third of the whole.

Ann Shakspeare survived her husband seven years. She died on the 6th August, 1623. The children of the marriage, and their issue, passed away within a few years afterwards. Judith Quynney lived till 1662, and died childless, having survived several children she had borne to her husband. Dr. Hall died in 1635; and his widow in 1649, leaving an only daughter, Elizabeth, who was married twice, first to Thomas Nash, who died in 1647, and secondly to John Barnard, afterwards Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon, in Northamptonshire. She died in 1670, without issue by either of her marriages. She was the last of Shakspeare's lineal descendants.

# POEMS

OF

## WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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### VENUS AND ADONIS.

[THIS poem was published in 1593. The entry in the books of the Stationers' Company is dated on the 18th April in that year. We learn from the Dedication that it was Shakspeare's first production; and as in 1593 he was twenty-nine years old, and had acquired sufficient distinction as a dramatist to obtain the notice of Lord Southampton, and excite the satire of Greene, *Venus and Adonis* must be referred to a much earlier period, possibly anterior to his departure from Stratford. Unfortunately, however, there is no evidence to determine the date of the authorship.

Numerous contemporary allusions testify the popularity which immediately attended the publication of *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*; and there can be no doubt that, whatever success Shakspeare's early dramatic productions obtained, his fame was founded in the first instance upon these pieces. The sweetness of the verse was specially commended; and Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, says that 'as the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*; his *Lucrece*; his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends.' In 1598, Shakspeare had produced fifteen or sixteen plays; yet we here find him chiefly applauded for the minor poems he had given to the press, and not for

SHAKSPEARE.

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the works he had contributed to the theatre, five of which were then printed. It is evident, therefore, that he enjoyed a high reputation with the reading public for these Ovidian exercises before his great claims as a dramatic writer were fully recognized. We have additional proof of this in the fact noted by Malone, that 'in thirteen years after their appearance, six impressions of each of them were printed, while in nearly the same period his *Romeo and Juliet* (one of his most popular plays) passed only twice through the press.'

It has been suggested that Shakspeare may have drawn the story of Venus and Adonis from Spenser's description of the tapestry in Castle Joyeous, or from a short piece entitled *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by Henry Constable, published in *England's Helicon* in 1600. Malone adds that Shakspeare had without doubt read the account of Venus and Adonis in Golding's translation, 1567, of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. With the first of these sources it is reasonable to presume he must have been familiar; but the use he makes of the story is altogether different, not only in its greater amplitude of detail, Spenser's relation occupying only five stanzas, but in its incidents, colouring, and *dénouement*. The song, subscribed H. C. in *England's Helicon*, and ascribed to Henry Constable, the author of a collection of sonnets called *Diana*, is much closer to Shakspeare's poem in the management of the story, and bears an occasional resemblance to it in particular passages, which are referred to in the notes. Yet it cannot be safely inferred from these coincidences that Shakspeare took the story from Constable. An examination of such circumstances as have transpired concerning the latter, would rather seem to lead to an opposite conclusion. Constable was probably a few years older than Shakspeare, having taken his degree at Cambridge in 1579; but he was not known as a poet till 1594, when he published *Diana*, a year after the publication of *Venus and Adonis*. The earliest copy extant of *The Sheepheard's Song* is that in the *Helicon*, which was not published till 1600. Malone is of opinion, notwithstanding, that it was written before Shak-

speare's poem, although he admits that he does not possess the means of establishing the fact. That it was not written till afterwards, however, is more likely, on the assumption that Constable would have included it in his collection in 1594, had it been then written. The coincidences in expression are slight, and the conclusion is different. Shakspeare departs at the close from the mythological story, which is strictly followed to its termination by Constable.

The obvious source from whence the subject was derived is the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. It was not necessary that Shakspeare should have read it in the original, as the fables were all well known in English. The fifteen books of the *Metamorphoses* were translated and moralized by Caxton, and are supposed to have been printed by him in Westminster in 1480; the first four books were translated by Arthur Golding, and published in 1565; the whole was completed in 1567; and successive editions appeared in 1572, 1584, 1587, and 1593; so that the work was common, and in general circulation at the period when Shakspeare adopted the subject of Venus and Adonis. Taking the course which was most consonant to his own genius, he dropped out all extraneous matter, and wonderfully enhanced the beauty and spirit of the story, by concentrating the whole interest upon the passion of the goddess. In this poem some of his most remarkable characteristics are distinctly revealed; richness and fitness of diction, melody of numbers, and luxuriance of imagination. Here, also, may be found, as in his larger works, familiar illustrations and verbal conceits sown thickly in passages of exquisite tenderness and pathos.

The first edition of *Venus and Adonis*, licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was published by Richard Field, in 1593. It was republished by John Harrison in 1596 and 1600; by William Leake in 1602 (of this edition only two copies are known to be in existence); and by John Wreittoun, in Edinburgh, in 1607. Other editions appeared in 1617, 1620, 1630, and 1640; and there are entries in the Stationers' books of the intervening dates of 1594, 1616, and 1619.]

## THE EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.\*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry

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\* The third Earl of Southampton, born Oct. 6, 1573. In 1585 he became a student of St. John's College, Cambridge, and in four years took the degree of Master of Arts. Three years afterwards he was admitted by incorporation to the same degree at Oxford. Upon leaving the University he is said to have studied at Lincoln's Inn; and his connexion with that society seems to be confirmed by his gift to the chapel of stained windows with his arms emblazoned. He early acquired a reputation for his attachment to literature, of which we have ample testimonies in the tributes of his contemporaries. His patronage of Shakspeare commenced before he took his degree at Oxford. When the dedication of *Venus and Adonis* appeared, Lord Southampton was scarcely twenty years of age; and in the dedication of *The Rape of Lucrece*, published in the following year, Shakspeare indicates the favours he had in the interval received from his youthful patron. The course of Lord Southampton's life, however, carried him into other and more turbulent pursuits. While he was yet young, he evinced the chivalry of his character by assisting the escape of two of his friends, Sir Charles and Sir Henry Danvers, who had killed a person in an affray in Wiltshire. The transaction appears to have been marked by great violence; but, as the culprits ultimately obtained the royal pardon, there is ground for supposing that there were some extenuating circumstances in the case. In 1597 Lord Southampton embarked as a volunteer in the expedition against Spain, commanded by the Earl of Essex, on which occasion he was appointed captain of one of the principal ships. He afterwards had a squadron under his command, and was knighted by Essex for the gallantry he displayed in a situation of imminent peril. In the following year he attended Essex to Ireland as General of the Horse, but was dismissed from his office by the Queen for marrying the cousin of Lord Essex without her Majesty's consent. When Essex fell under the royal displeasure, Southampton was committed to the Tower, and, although his life was spared, he was kept in prison during the remainder of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Soon after his release he was appointed governor of the Isle of Wight; but, through the machinations of Lord Salisbury, the implacable enemy of Essex, he was secretly accused of being on terms of too great intimacy with the Queen, and King James, giving credit to the imputation, caused him to be arrested. The charge, however, being unsustained by proofs, he was speedily liberated;

it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear\* so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.—Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo  
Poculo Castalia plena ministret aqua.—OVID.

ARGUMENT.—Venus in vain endeavours to inspire her favourite Adonis with a mutual passion, and to dissuade him from a too eager pursuit of the pleasures of the chase. The youth rejects the overtures, and disregards the advice of the goddess, and is mortally wounded by a wild boar: his body is changed into a flower called anemone by his disconsolate mistress, who, after tenderly lamenting his untimely death, is conveyed in the clouds to Paphos.

**E**VEN as the sun with purple-coloured face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheeked Adonis† hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn;

---

after which he retired in disgust to Spa. During his residence abroad he was engaged with Lord Herbert of Cherbury at the siege of Rees; and in 1619 returned to England, and was appointed a privy councillor. Joining the popular party, he again incurred the anger of the Court, and was committed for a short time to the custody of the Dean of Westminster. In 1624 he obtained the command of a small force which was sent into the Low Countries to act against the Spaniards, when he was seized by a fever at Bergen-op-Zoom, and died on the 10th Nov. in that year. Southampton is known to posterity chiefly by his friendship for Shakspeare, a circumstance which has invested his name with permanent interest. He was a zealous supporter of the players, and appears to have been on intimate terms with most of the celebrated persons of his time. Camden says that he was as much distinguished by his love of literature as by his military exploits; and Sir John Beaumont, after exhausting the language of panegyric upon his public and domestic virtues, refers to his patronage of men of merit as the noblest attribute of his character:—

I keep that glory last, which is the best;  
The love of learning, which he oft expressed  
By conversation, and respect to those  
Who had a name in arts, in verse or prose.

\* Till.—See note, *post*, p. 154.

† For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,  
Rose-cheeked Adonis, kept a solemn feast, &c.

MARLOWE.—*Hero and Leander*.

Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,  
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,  
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are ;  
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow :  
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.  
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses ;  
And, being set, I'll smother thee with kisses :

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their plenty,  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :  
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelihood,\*  
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :  
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force,  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blushed and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;

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\* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—*Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 2.

*Oth.* Give me your hand : this hand is moist, my lady.

*Des.* It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart ;

Hot, hot, and moist.—*Othello*, iii. 4.

She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire;  
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimble she fastens; (O, how quick is love!)

The steed is stalled up, and even now

To tie the rider she begins to prove:

Backward she pushed him, as she would be thrust;  
And governed him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;  
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;  
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs,  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks: \*  
He saith, she is immodest, blames her 'miss; †  
What follows more, she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires ‡ with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuffed, or prey be gone;  
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin;  
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

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\* Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs.

MARLOWE.—*Edward II.*

† Misbehaviour.

‡ A term in falconry, from *tirer*, Fr., to draw, drag, tear. The hawk is said to *tire* on its prey when it is thrown to her, and she tears it. Here, and in the following passage, the word is applied to the hungry eagle:—

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,  
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.

3 *Henry VI.* 1.



Forced to content,\* but never to obey,  
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face:  
 She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey;  
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;  
     Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
     So they were dewed with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
 So fastened in her arms Adonis lies;  
 Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,  
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:  
     Rain, added to a river that is rank,†  
     Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;  
 Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,  
 'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale:  
     Being red, she loves him best; and being white,  
     Her best is bettered with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;  
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears  
 From his soft bosom never to remove,  
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
     Which long have rained, making her cheeks all wet;  
     And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
 Like a dive-dapper‡ peering through a wave,  
 Who being looked on, ducks as quickly in;  
 So offers he to give what she did crave;

\* To be content, to submit, to acquiesce. Malone observes that content is a substantive, and means acquiescence. But it is also a verb, in which application it seems to be used here, as in many other places.

Basta, content thee.—*Taming of a Shrew*, i. 1.

Pray you, content you.—*Troilus and Cress.* iii. 2.

It doth much content me.—*Hamlet*, ii. 2.

† Abounding, full.

‡ The dabchick or didapper, a species of *Colymbus*.

But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger, in summer's heat,  
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn :  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.

' O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!  
'Tis but a kiss I beg: why art thou coy?

' I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow ;  
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar :  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And begged for that which thou unasked shalt have.

' Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His battered shield, his uncontrollèd crest ;  
And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;  
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red ;  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

' Thus he that over-ruled, I over-swayed,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :  
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obeyed,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foiled the god of fight !

' Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red)  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine :—  
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head :  
Look in mine eyeballs; there thy beauty lies :  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

' Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,  
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night :

Love keeps his revels where there are but twain :  
 Be bold to play ; our sport is not in sight :  
 These blue-veined violets, whereon we lean,  
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
 Shows thee unripe ; yet mayst thou well be tasted :  
 Make use of time ; let not advantage slip :  
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted :  
 Fair flowers, that are not gathered in their prime,  
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.\*

' Were I hard-favoured, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
 Ill-natured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
 O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic and cold,  
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee ;  
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

' Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;  
 Mine eyes are gray,† and bright, and quick in turning ;  
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow ;  
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning :  
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

' Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear ;  
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green ;

\* What velleth the flower  
 To stand still and wither ;  
 If no man it savour  
 It serves only for sight,  
 And fadeth towards night.—WYATT.

† What we now call blue eyes, says Malone, were in Shakspeare's time called grey eyes. Not always:—

A lean cheek ; which you have not : a blue eye, and sunken ; which you have not.—*As You Like it*, iii. 2.

— would under-peep her lids,  
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
 Under those windows, white and azure, laced  
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—*Cymbeline*, ii. 2.

Or, like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.\*

Love is a spirit all compact of fire ;  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

‘ Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie :  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;  
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,  
From morn to night, even where I list to sport me.

Is love so light, sweet boy ; and may it be,  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

‘ Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.

Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

‘ Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear :  
Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse.

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty :  
Thou wast begot ;—to get it is thy duty.

‘ Upon the earth’s increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead ;

And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.’

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them ;  
And Titan, tirèd† in the midday heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;

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\* And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune.—*Tempest*, v. 1.

† Attired.

Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,  
Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of love!  
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ah me!' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind?  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.'

'The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm;  
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm;  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:  
And were I not immortal, life were done,  
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.'

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?  
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:  
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel  
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?  
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.\*

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?†  
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
Give me one kiss; I'll give it thee again;  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

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\* Childless.

† Steevens proposes to read *thus*, which is obviously the sense.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,  
Statue, contenting but the eye alone;  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:  
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion:  
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong:  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:  
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
And now her sobs do her intendments\* break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand;  
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;  
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
She looks her lily fingers, one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemmed thee here  
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;  
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:  
Graze on my lips; and, if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough;  
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:  
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;  
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

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\* Frequently used for intentions, or designs:—

Either you should stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into.—*As You Like It*, i. 1.

But fear the main intendment of the Scot.—*Henry V.* i. 2.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,  
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :  
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;  
     Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,  
     Why there love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,  
 Opened their mouths to swallow Venus' liking :  
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?  
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?  
     Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
     To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?  
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;  
 The time is spent, her object will away,  
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.  
     ' Pity ! ' she cries ; ' some favour ! some remorse ! ' \*  
     Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :  
     The strong-necked steed, being tied unto a tree,  
     Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;  
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder :  
     The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
     Controlling what he was controlled with.

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\* Pity or tenderness. Thus :—

If so your heart were touched with that remorse  
 As mine is to him.—*Meas. for Meas.* ii. 2.

His ears up pricked; his braided hanging mane  
 Upon his compassed \* crest now stand on end; †  
 His nostrils drink the air, ‡ and forth again,  
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send : §  
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
 With gentle majesty and modest pride;  
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
 As who should say, Lo! thus my strength is tried;  
 And this I do to captivate the eye  
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
 His flattering 'holla!' || or his 'Stand, I say?'  
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?  
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?  
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportioned steed,  
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed;

---

\* Representing the segment of a circle as drawn by a pair of compasses. Thus the bow window was called compassed window:—

She came to him the other day in the compassed window.

*Troilus and Cress.* i. 2.

† Mane, as composed of a number of hairs, is here used in the plural.

‡ Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
 Drink the free air.—*Timon of Athens*, i. 1.

And though we have it with a root, thus backed  
 The air will drink the sap.—*Henry VIII.* i. 2.

I drink the air before me.—*Tempest*, v. 2.

§ — he furnaces

The thick sighs from him.—*Cymbeline*, i. 7.

|| A call, or exclamation, to arrest attention—to stop; equivalent to the French *hola*, stop or end. In this sense it is expressly used in the following passage:—

Cry holla to thy tongue, I prithee.—*As You Like it*, iii. 2.



So did this horse excel a common one,  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :  
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;  
To bid the wind a base\* he now prepares,  
And whe'r he run or fly, they know not whether ;  
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feathered wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;  
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :  
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
She puts on outward strangeness,† seems unkind ;  
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,  
He vails‡ his tail, that, like a falling plume,

---

\* To challenge the wind to a contest for superiority. Base is a rustic game, sometimes termed prison-base, properly prison-bars.—MALONE. The original name of the game was Country Base, as we find it mentioned elsewhere :—

— lads more like to run  
The country base, than to commit such slaughter.

*Cymbeline*, v. 3.

Drayton alludes to it under the name of prison-base :—

At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or prison-base.

*Polyolbion*.

And it was commonly known as Base. Thus Spenser :—

So ran they all as they had been at base.

*F. Queens*, b. v. c. 8.

† Shyness, reserve, coyness.

‡ Lowers.

Vailing her high top lower than her ribs.—*Mer. of Venice*, i. 1.

Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :  
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume,  
 His love, perceiving how he is enraged,  
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;  
 When, lo, the unbacked breeder, full of fear,  
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there :  
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them ;  
 Outstripping crows, that strive to overfly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,  
 Banning\* his boisterous and unruly beast ;  
 And now the happy season once more fits,  
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blessed ;  
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,  
 When it is barred the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopped, or river stayed,  
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :  
 So of concealèd sorrow may be said ;  
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;  
 But when the heart's attorney† once is mute,  
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind ;  
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;  
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbèd mind ;  
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
 For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

---

\* Cursing.

† The tongue. Thus in *Richard III.*—

Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so.)  
 Be the attorney of my love to her.  
 Plead what I will be, &c.—iv. 4.

Why should calamity be full of words?  
 Windy attorneys to their client woes.—*Ib.*

O, what a sight it was, wistly\* to view  
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy!  
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue!  
 How white and red each other did destroy!†  
     But now, her cheek was pale; and by and by  
     It flashed forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels;  
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:  
     His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
     As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!  
 Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;  
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;  
 Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing:  
     And all this dumb play had his‡ acts made plain  
     With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
 A lily prisoned in a jail of snow,  
 Or ivory in an alabaster band;  
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:  
     This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
     Showed like two silver doves that sat a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:—  
 'O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man;  
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;§  
     For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
     Though nothing but my body's bane would cure  
     thee.'

---

\* Wistfully, earnestly.

† Such war of white and red within her cheeks.

*Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 5.

‡ Its.

§ Thy heart wounded as mine is.—MALONE.

‘Give me my hand,’ saith he: ‘why dost thou feel it?’  
 ‘Give me my heart,’ saith she, ‘and thou shalt have it:  
 O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,\*  
 And being steeled, soft sighs can never grave† it:  
 Then love’s deep groans I never shall regard,  
 Because Adonis’ heart hath made mine hard.’

‘For shame,’ he cries: ‘let go, and let me go:  
 My day’s delight is past, my horse is gone;  
 And ’tis your fault I am bereft him so :  
 I pray you, hence, and leave me here alone:  
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.’

Thus she replies:—‘Thy palfrey, as he should,  
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:  
 Affection is a coal that must be cooled;  
 Else, suffered, it will set the heart on fire:  
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;  
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

‘How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
 Servilely mastered with a leathern rein!  
 But when he saw his love, his youth’s fair fee,  
 He held such petty bondage in disdain;  
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest;  
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

‘Who sees his true love in her naked bed,  
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
 His other agents aim at like delight?  
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,  
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

‘Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;  
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,

---

\* As in *Othello*:—

Thou dost stone my heart.—v. 2.

† Engrave.

To take advantage on presented joy :  
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.  
 O, learn to love ; the lesson is but plain ;  
 And, once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,  
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it :  
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;  
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;\*  
 For I have heard it is a life in death,  
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished ?  
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?†  
 If springing things be any jot diminished,  
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.  
 The colt that's backed and burthened being young,  
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing ;‡ let us part,  
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :  
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;  
 To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.  
 Dismiss your vows, your feignèd tears, your flattery ;  
 For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.'

'What ! canst thou talk ?' quoth she ; 'hast thou a  
 tongue ?  
 O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !  
 Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong ;  
 I had my load before, now pressed with bearing :

---

\* My inclination towards love is only a desire to render it contemptible.—MALONE.

† I am now too young  
 To be won by beauty ;  
 Tender are my years,  
 I am yet a bud.

*Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis.*

‡ Wind thee from me, Venus,  
 I am not disposed ;  
 Thou wringest me too hard,  
 Prythee let me go.—*Ib.*

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
 Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore  
 wounding.

' Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
 That inward beauty and invisible;  
 Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
 Each part in me that were but sensible:  
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

' Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
 For from the stillatory\* of thy face excelling  
 Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by  
 smelling.

' But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four!  
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the door;  
 Lest Jealousy, that sour, unwelcome guest,  
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?

Once more the ruby-coloured portal opened,  
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield;  
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betokened,  
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
 Gusts and foul flaws† to herdmen and to herds.

\* Laboratory; also used for alembic. The word is obsolete:—

Go to the privy garden, and in the walk,  
 Next to the stillatory, stay for me.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*Faithful Friends*, iv. 3.

† Sudden gusts of wind. Thus, in several places:—

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
 Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.—*Hamlet*, v. i.

The word is in common use amongst sailors.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh ;  
 Even as the wind is hushed before it raineth,  
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth ;  
     Or, like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
     His meaning struck her ere his words begun ;

And at his look she flatly falleth down ;  
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :  
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;  
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !  
     The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
     Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And all-amazed brake off his late intent,  
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent :  
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !  
     For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
     Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

---

I do not fear the flaw [applied to a tempest:]

*Pericles*, iii. 1.

What flaws, and whirls of weather,  
 Or rather storms, have been aloft these three days.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*Pilgrim*, iii. 6.

In the Cornish dialect *flaw* signifies a cut, and is applied in that sense to sharp gusts of wind. The parish church of Denmichen is dedicated to St. Causlan, whose festival is held in March, and snow showers are there locally called 'St. Causlan's flaws.' The word, in addition to its primary meaning of crack or splinter, is metaphorically applied to quarrels, disorder, uproar.

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

2 *Henry VI.* iii. 1.

And deluges of armies from the town  
 Came pouring in ; I heard the mighty flaw.—DRYDEN.

It also means sparks ; and Mr. Halliwell, in his *Archaic Dictionary*, suggests that this is probably the sense in which it is used in the following perplexing passage :—

— A gentlewoman of mine  
 Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,  
 Hath blistered her report.—*Meas. for Meas.* ii. 3.

Warburton proposed to read *flames* ; but Mr. Halliwell's interpretation removes the difficulty.

Her wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;  
 He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks  
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marred:

He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turned to day:  
 Her two blue windows\* faintly she upheaveth,  
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:  
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
 So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixed,  
 As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.†  
 Were never four such lamps together mixed,  
 Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;  
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,  
 Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she; 'in earth or heaven,  
 Or in the ocean drenched, or in the fire?  
 What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?  
 Do I delight to die, or life desire?

\* Other instances occur in which Shakspeare applies this image to the eyelids:—

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes.

*Richard III.* v. 3.

Downy windows, close.—*Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2.

— the enclosed lights now canopied  
 Under these windows. *Cymbeline*, ii. 2.

— Thy eyes' windows fall  
 Like death. *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 1.

† Used as a substantive, in the sense of lustre or brightness. In this form it was commonly used by Chaucer, and by the Elizabethan poets and their successors, down to the last century:—

I to my chimney's shine  
 Brought him, as love professes.—HORRIEL.  
 Be it fair or foul, rain or shine.—DRYDEN.  
 Fair opening to some court's propitious shine.—POPE.



But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me;—kill me once again;  
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,  
That they have murdered this poor heart of mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!  
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!  
And, as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banished by thy breath.\*

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing:  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,†  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness‡ with my unripe years;  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:

---

\* Alluding to the custom of using fragrant herbs and flowers to prevent infection.

† Counterfeit coins, made of brass washed over with silver, were called slips. They are frequently alluded to in the plays of this period.

‡ See note, *ante*, p. 48.

The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast;  
Or, being early plucked, is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks;\* 'tis very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;  
And coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say, Good night, and so say you;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'  
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says, Adieu,  
The honey fee of parting tendered is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face:

Till, breathless, he disjoined, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:  
He with her plenty pressed, she faint with dearth,  
(Their lips together glued) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth:  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;  
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And, having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,

---

\* It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman  
Which gives the stern'st good night.—*Macbeth*, ii. 2.

The owl shrieked at thy birth.—3 *Henry VI.* v. 6.

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.  
*Richard II.* iii. 3.

Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wreck.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling;  
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tired with chasing;  
Or like the froward infant, stilled with dandling;  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,\*  
And yields at last to every light impression?  
Things out of hope are compassed oft with venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission.  
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward;  
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not sucked.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover:  
What though the rose have prickles? yet 'tis plucked.  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet Love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:  
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence encaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'  
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

---

\* It should be remembered, observes Malone, that it was the custom formerly to seal with soft wax, which was tempered between the fingers before the impression was made.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,  
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
 Usurps her cheek;\* she trembles at his tale,  
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:  
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck;  
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
 All is imaginary she doth prove;  
 He will not manage her, although he mount her;  
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
 To clip† Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,‡  
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,  
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
 As those poor birds that helpless berries§ saw:  
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing;

But all in vain: good queen, it will not be:  
 She hath assayed as much as may be proved;  
 Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;  
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.  
 'Fie, fie!' he says: 'you crush me; let me go:  
 You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,  
 But that thou told'st me, thou wouldst hunt the boar.  
 O, be advised! thou know'st not what it is  
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,

---

\* At the name of boar  
 Venus seemed dying;  
 Deadly-colored pale  
 Roses overcast.

*Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis.*

† Embrace.

‡ An allusion to the picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny, in which the grapes were represented so naturally, that the birds pecked at them.

§ Berries that afford no help or nourishment.

Whose tushes never-sheathed he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal \* butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;  
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes:  
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way;  
And whom he strikes, his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;  
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:  
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes:  
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread!)  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:  
Come not within his danger by thy will:  
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.  
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
I feared thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest;  
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast:

---

\* Deadly.

‘For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection’s sentinel;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny;  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, ‘Kill, kill;’  
Distempering gentle love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

‘This sour informer, this bate-breeding\* spy,  
This canker that eats up love’s tender spring,†  
This carry-tale, dissensious Jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That, if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

‘And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry, chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stained with gore;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,  
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

‘What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at the imagination?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination:  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

‘But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;  
Uncouple at the timorous, flying hare;‡

---

\* Bate is an old word, signifying strife, contention:—

Shall ever civil bate  
Gnaw and devour our taste?

COUNTRESS OF PEMBROKE’S *Antoniüs*.

† Spring is here used in the sense of a young shoot or bud.

‡ Speak, said she, no more  
Of following the boar,  
Thou unfit for such a chase;  
Course the fearful hare,  
Venison do not spare.

*Shepherd’s Song of Venus and Adonis.*

Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty;  
 Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:  
     Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
     And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds:

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshut\* his troubles,  
 How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
 He cranks† and crosses, with a thousand doubles:  
     The many musits‡ through the which he goes,  
     Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;  
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,§  
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
     And sometime sorteth|| with a herd of deer:  
     Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,  
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled,  
 With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out:  
     Then do they spend their mouths; Echo replies,  
     As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,

\* Steevens suggests *overshoots*, to fly beyond his troubles, which is adopted by Mr. Dyce. To get shut meant to get rid of anything.

† Literally bends or turns. Applied sometimes to the windings of a river, hence metaphorically to turns of speech:—

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles.—MILTON.

‡ Gaps in hedges, the places, according to the old lexicographers, through which the hare goes to relief. *Muse*, in French, is the term for the beginning of rutting.

§ Live, inhabit:—

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
 Hourly afflict. *Meas. for Meas.* iii. 1.

The high top'd firres which on that mountain keepe.  
 BROWN—*Brit. Past.*

|| Consorteth.

To hearken if his foes pursue him still;  
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;  
And now his grief may be comparèd well  
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch;  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:  
For misery is trodden on by many;  
And, being low, never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,\*  
Applying this to that, and so to so;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?†—'No matter where,' quoth he:  
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
The night is spent.'—'Why, what of that?' quoth she.—  
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;  
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'—  
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this;—  
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,

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\* The practice of moralizing works—that is, of drawing moral applications and maxims from treatises, fables, and romances—prevailed extensively in the middle ages, and was, at first, chiefly cultivated by religious writers. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and Æsop's *Fables*, *The Romance of the Rose*, and *The Gesta Romanorum*, may be mentioned as examples; and it was common among the clergy to illustrate moral truths from the pulpit, by interspersing their sermons with stories drawn from a variety of sources. It is to this custom Venus alludes when she says that it is unlike herself to moralize, 'applying this to that, and so to so.'

† An instance of one of the many ellipses common to the Elizabethan literature. Mr. Halliwell has rendered an important service to students by collecting and arranging numerous examples of these, and other structural peculiarities, in the first volume of his edition of *The Works of Shakspeare*.



And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
 Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips  
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

'Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
 Till forging Nature be condemned of treason,  
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,  
 Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,  
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night:

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies,  
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
 And pure perfection with impure defeature;  
 Making it subject to the tyranny  
 Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,\*  
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint  
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:  
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damned despair,  
 Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies,  
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:  
 Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
 Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and done,  
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,

---

\* Properly wode, mad—as in the old editions:—

And here am I, and wode within this wood,  
 Because I cannot meet with Hermia.—*Mid. N. Dr.* ii. 2.

That on the earth would breed a scarcity,  
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
     Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night  
     Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

‘What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
 Seeming to bury that posterity,  
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?  
     If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
     Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

‘So in thyself thyself art made away:  
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife;  
 Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay;  
 Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.  
     Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;  
     But gold that’s put to use, more gold begets.’\*

‘Nay, then,’ quoth Adon, ‘you will fall again  
 Into your idle over-handled theme:  
 The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,  
 And all in vain you strive against the stream:  
     For, by this black-faced night, desire’s foul nurse,  
     Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

‘If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
 And every tongue more moving than your own,  
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s songs;  
 Yet from my ear the tempting tune is blown:  
     For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
     And will not let a false sound enter there;

‘Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
 Into the quiet closure of my breast;

---

\* ——— Treasure is abused  
 When misers keep it; being put to loan  
 In time it will return us two for one.—MARLOWE.

And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barred of rest.

No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan;  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:  
I hate not love; but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.

You do it for increase; O, strange excuse!  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating Lust on earth usurped his name;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain,  
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.

Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:  
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say:  
The text is old, the orator too green.

Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;

My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:\*

Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,  
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark lawnd† runs apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distressed,

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

\* Sorrow.

† Lawn—an open space in a wood.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;  
    So did the merciless and pitchy night  
    Fold in the object that did feed her sight:

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware  
Hath dropped a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or 'stonished as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;  
    Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
    Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans;  
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans;  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:  
    'Ah me!' she cries; and twenty times, 'Woe, woe!'  
    And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemporally a woful ditty;  
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;  
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:  
    Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
    And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:  
    Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
    End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle sounds resembling parasites,  
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?

She says, 'Tis so;' they answer all, 'Tis so;  
And would say after her, if she said No.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:—  
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence that makes him bright:  
There lives a son, that sucked an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:  
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth\* to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.†

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreathed up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds:

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\* Advanceth.

† While, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food. *As You Like It*, ii. 7.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud;  
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:  
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
 They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart,  
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:  
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;  
 Till, cheering up her senses sore dismayed,  
 She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,  
 And childish error that they are afraid:  
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;—  
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
 This way she runs, and now she will no further;  
 But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
 She treads the path that she untreads again:  
 Her more than haste is mated \* with delays,  
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;  
 Full of respect,† yet nought at all respecting;  
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

---

\* Defeated, confounded.

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

*Com. of Errors*, v. 1.

My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.

*Macbeth*, v. 3.

† Circumspection.

Here kennelled in a brake she finds a hound,  
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master;  
 And there another licking of his wound,  
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
 To whom she speaks; and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,  
 Another flap-mouthed mourner, black and grim,  
 Against the welkin vollies out his voice;  
 Another and another answer him,  
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below;  
 Shaking their scratched ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed  
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,  
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;  
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death:—

'Hard-favoured tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
 Hateful divorce of love,' thus chides she Death,  
 'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou  
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath; [mean,  
 Who, when he lived, his breath and beauty set  
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead;—O, no; it cannot be,  
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:—  
 O, yes; it may: thou hast no eyes to see;  
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.  
 Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke;  
 And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.  
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke:  
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:

Love's golden arrow at him should have fled;  
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such  
weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee?

Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping

Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal\* vigour,  
Since her best work is ruined with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She vailed her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopped  
The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped;  
But through the floodgates breaks the silver rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
Both crystals, where they viewed each other's  
sorrow;—

Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving who should best become her grief;  
All entertained, each passion labours so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,  
But none is best: then join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;  
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:  
The dire imagination she did follow  
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice:

---

\* See note, *ante*, p. 60.



Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
 Being prisoned in her eye, like pearls in glass;  
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,  
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drowned.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous!  
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;  
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:  
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely;  
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;  
 Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;  
 It was not she that called him all-to-nought;\*  
 Now she adds honours to his hateful name;  
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings;  
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;  
 Yet, pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
 Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe:  
 Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)  
 I railed on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault; the boar provoked my tongue:  
 Be wreaked on him, invisible commander:  
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;  
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander:  
 Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet  
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.'

---

\* Entirely. The formation is common to many phrases amongst the early writers, and was employed to add force to the expression: as all-to-torn, very much torn; all-to-smash, smashed to pieces.

— Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That, in the various bustle of resort,  
 Were all-to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired.—MILTON.—*Comus*.

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,  
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;  
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate; \*  
     Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories †  
     His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I,  
 To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
 To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,  
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!  
     For he being dead, with him is beauty slain;  
     And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond Love! thou art so full of fear,  
 As one with treasure laden, hemmed with thieves;  
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'  
     Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
     Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;  
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light; ‡

\* Ingratiate herself with. Insinuate with was the usual form:—

What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play.—*As You Like It*, Epil.

Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.—*Richard III.* i. 4.

† This verb, now employed chiefly in the passive participle, was formerly in common use. There are other examples of it in Shakespeare:—

How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.—*Cymbeline*, i. 5.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame.—*Rape of Lucrece*.

‡ See *ante*, p. 43. The same image occurs in Belohier's Comedy of *Hans Beer-pot* (1618), and in *The Lady of the Lake*:—

With that she rose like nimble roe,  
 The tender grass scarce bending.—*Hans Beer-pot*.  
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
 Elastic from her airy tread.

SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake*.

And in her haste unfortunately spies  
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;  
     Which seen, her eyes, as murdered with the view,  
     Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew:

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain;  
 And there, all smothered up, in shade doth sit,  
 Long after fearing to creep forth again;  
     So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
     Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light  
 To the disposing of her troubled brain;  
 Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
 And never wound the heart with looks again;  
     Who, like a king perplexèd in his throne,  
     By their suggestion gives a deadly groan;

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;  
 As when the wind, imprisoned in the ground,  
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound: \*  
     This mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
     That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

And, being opened, threw unwilling light  
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trenched †  
 In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drenched:  
     No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
     But stole his blood, and seemed with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;  
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;  
 Dumbly she passions, ‡ frantically she doteth;  
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.

\* There was an earthquake in England in 1580, when Shakspeare was sixteen years old.

† Cut; from *trancher*.

‡ The conversion of substantives into verbs and adjectives, and of verbs into substantives, is of frequent occurrence in the writings of Shakspeare and his contemporaries. With the following exception,

Her voice is stopped, her joints forget to bow;  
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;  
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:  
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;  
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one;  
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead;  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turned to fire, my heart to lead.  
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast  
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?  
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;  
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!  
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
Having no fair\* to lose, you need not fear;†  
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you;

however, I believe this is the only instance in which Shakspeare has used passion as a verb:—

Madame, 'twas Ariadne passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight.

*Two Gen. of Verona*, i. 2.

\* Beauty. One of the instances in which, by a common licence, an adjective is used as a substantive. There are other examples of this use of the word fair in Shakspeare:—

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

*Love's Labour Lost*, iv. 1.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days.—*Ib.*

— My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair.

*Com. of Errors*, ii. 1.

† It appears from the corresponding rhyme, and the jingle in the

But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air  
Lurked like two thieves, to rob him of his fair ;

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;  
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
Play with his locks ; then would Adonis weep :  
And, straight, in pity of his tender years,  
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walked along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear\* him :  
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him :  
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

---

present line, that the word *fear* was pronounced in the time of Shakspeare as if it were written *fare*.'—MALONE. To draw a general conclusion from a particular instance is illogical and unsafe under any circumstances ; but with the whole text of Shakspeare before him, and a competent knowledge of the contemporary literature, it is surprising Malone should have fallen into this error. Any attempt to determine the pronunciation of the language in the time of Shakspeare by the rhymes of the dramatic writers, or the jingles incidental to their verbal conceits, would be frustrated by a multitude of examples neutralizing each other. Instances can be found of every conceivable variety of pronunciation ; and Malone might just as reasonably have inferred, from a line that occurs immediately afterwards, that *there* was pronounced *their*, as, from this instance, that *fear* was pronounced *fare* :—

'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain :  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp *spear*,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him *there*.

Within a few stanzas of this hasty note, there are two examples in which the word *fear* is pronounced exactly as at present :—

Fie, fie, fond Love ! thou art so full of fear,  
As one with treasure laden, hemmed with thieves :  
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear, &c.  
To see his face the lion walked along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him :  
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him, &c.

\* Put him in fear.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills;  
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
 That some would sing, some other in their bills  
     Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries:  
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snoutèd \* boar,  
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore:  
 Witness the entertainment that he gave.  
     If he did see his face, why, then I know,  
     He thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:  
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
     And, nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
     Sheathed, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.†

'Had I been toothed like him, I must confess,  
 With kissing him I should have killed him first;  
 But he is dead, and never did he bless  
 My youth with his; the more am I accursed.'  
     With this she falleth in the place she stood,  
     And stains her face with his congealèd blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
 As if they heard the woful words she told:  
     She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
     Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:‡

\* The sea-urchin is a name given to the hedgehog.

† On the ground he lay,  
 Blood had left his cheek,  
 For an orped swine  
 Smit him in the groin.

*Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis.*

‡ It is obvious from this example, as from numerous others, that

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excelled;  
 And every beauty robbed of his effect.

‘Wonder of time,’ quoth she, ‘this is my spite;  
 That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

‘Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,  
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;  
 It shall be waited on with jealousy;  
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end;  
 Ne’er settled equally, but high or low;  
 That all love’s pleasure shall not match his woe:

‘It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;  
 Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;  
 The bottom poison, and the top o’erstrewed\*  
 With sweets, that shall the truest sigh beguile.  
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak:

‘It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;†  
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:  
 It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild;  
 Make the young old, the old become a child:

‘It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;  
 It shall be merciful, and too severe;  
 And most deceiving when it seems most just:  
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward;  
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward:

---

the Elizabethan violations of time and form cannot always be referred to haste or accident; but that they were sometimes adopted designedly to suit the metre or the rhyme. In such cases as the present, it is possible that the final *s* came into use as a substitute for the Saxon termination *th*.

\* O’erstrewed.

† A term generally applied to grave and stately dances.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire:  
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy, that by her side lay killed,  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight;  
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spilled,  
A purple flower sprung up, checkered with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,  
'Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death:  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower!' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise,  
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire)  
For every little grief to wet his eyes:  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 'tis thine: but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:  
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest;  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:  
There shall not be one minute in an hour,  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus, weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid,  
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is conveyed,  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen  
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

[THIS poem was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company under the title of *The Ravishment of Lucrece*, May 9, 1594. It was published in quarto in the same year. Successive editions appeared in 1598, 1600, 1607, 1616, 1620, and 1632. Two other editions are spoken of, in 1596 and 1602; but Malone, who had heard of them, had never seen either. The edition of 1616, 'newly revised and corrected,' and published in the year in which Shakspeare died, contains, in addition to the argument prefixed to the previous edition, a table of contents dividing the story into twelve parts; and these contents, in a rather more explanatory form, are reprinted in the margin of the poem opposite to the places to which they refer. In subsequent editions the table is omitted, and the poem itself is divided into twelve parts, each part being headed by the explanation of its contents. The following is the table of contents, extracted from a rare copy in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq., to whose kindness I am also indebted for the inspection of other early copies which I have collated for the text of this edition.\*

## THE CONTENTS.

1. Lucrece' praises for chaste, virtuous, and beautiful enamoureth Tarquin.
2. Tarquin welcomed by Lucrece.
3. Tarquin overthrows all disputing with his wilfulness.
4. He puts his resolution in practice.
5. Lucrece awakes, and is amazed to be so surprised.
6. She pleads in defence of chastity.
7. Tarquin, all impatient, interrupteth her, and ravisheth her by force.
8. Lucrece complains on her abuse.
9. She disputeth whether she should kill herself or no.
10. She is resolved on self-murder, yet sendeth first for her husband.

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\* To an edition in Mr. Halliwell's possession of the date of 1655 is added a poem, by J. Quarles, entitled *The Banishment of Tarquin; or, The Reward of Lust*, in which the history is continued to its sequel.

11. Colatinus with his friends returns home.
12. Lucrece relateth the mischief; they swear revenge, and she, to exasperate the matter, killeth herself.

Whether this table of contents, or the verbal revisions contained in the edition to which it is prefixed, were prepared, or sanctioned, by Shakspeare, cannot be determined. Malone rejects the revisions as the work of another hand. Some of them, however, are valuable and interesting; and the date of the impression entitles it to attention when the collation of the text is under consideration.

The classical sources of the story of Lucrece are well known; but it is not probable that Shakspeare drew upon any of them, except, perhaps, the *Fasti*, which were translated before 1570. The narrative was accessible to him in Chaucer and Lydgate; it was to be found also in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; and there were several ballads on the subject. It was one of the many popular themes that had come down in sundry forms from the literature of the middle ages.

Opinion is divided in the choice between *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*. Malone pronounces decidedly against the latter, a decision which greatly surprises Boswell. The majority of modern readers will be likely to agree with Malone. The subject of the former piece is, at least, less painful, and its treatment is more compact and effective. In beauty of expression, and passionate depth of feeling, the *Venus and Adonis* transcends the *Lucrece*, upon which more elaboration has been bestowed with less success. The interest of *Lucrece* suffers from attenuation. The agony is too protracted; the horror of the main incident is exhausted by prolonged argumentation; and the close is abrupt and hurried. There is a want of symmetry in the parts; and the catastrophe is not presented with the fulness or solemnity proportionate to the expectations excited by the preparatory details. But the poem abounds in sweet and noble passages; and in both pieces we discover the germs of that unerring genius which impressed the true image of nature upon every scene and character it depicted.]

## THE EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY, EARL OF  
SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a supercilious moiety.\* The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ARGUMENT.†—Lucius Tarquinius, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws

\* The word moiety was indifferently used to express the half, or any greater, or lesser, portion. It is often employed in the indefinite sense by Shakspeare:—

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But, touched with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal.

*Mer. of Venice*, iv. 1.

— Say that we were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.

*Winter's Tale*, ii. 3.

Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours.

*Henry IV.*, iii. 1.

— Let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

*Troilus and Cress.* ii. 2.

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,  
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:  
Against the which a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king.

*Hamlet*, i. 1.

† This argument was prefixed to the original edition of 1594, and is, therefore, presumed to have been written by Shakspeare. It narrates the story with clearness and simplicity; and possesses additional interest as being the only prose composition (not dramatic) by Shakspeare known to exist, with the exception, as remarked by Malone, of the two dedications to Lord Southampton.

and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom ;—went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea ; during which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife ; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome ; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids : the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports : whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself : which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

**F**ROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desires,  
 Lust-breathèd Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,  
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set  
 This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;  
 When Collatine unwisely did not let \*

---

\* Forbear.

To praise the clear unmatched red and white,  
Which triumphed in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlocked the treasure of his happy state;  
What priceless wealth the Heavens had him lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O, happiness enjoyed but of a few!  
And, if possessed, as soon decayed and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
An expired date, cancelled ere well begun!  
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortified from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator:  
What needeth then apology be made  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance, his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
Suggested\* this proud issue of a king:  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:  
Perchance, that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting [vaunt  
His high-pitched thoughts, that meaner men should  
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,

---

\* Tempted.

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
 To quench the coal which in his liver\* glows.  
 O, rash-false heat, wrapped in repentant cold,  
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,  
 Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,  
 Within whose face beauty and virtue strived  
 Which of them both should underprop her fame.  
 When virtue bragged, beauty would blush for shame;  
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
 Virtue would stain that ore† with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,‡  
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;  
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
 Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild  
 Their silver cheeks, and called it then their shield;

---

\* The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love, and frequent allusions are made to it by Shakspeare in reference to the fluctuating condition of lovers. In an English translation of Bartholomæus, *De proprietatibus rerum*, we are told that 'the lyver is the place of voluptuousnesse and lyking of the flesh.' Mr. Douce observes, that there is some reason for thinking that the idea was borrowed from the Arabian physicians, or, at least, adopted by them; and supports his opinion by two illustrations from the Turkish tales.

† Thus, in the original edition. Malone changes it to *ore*, which he thinks might have been meant, although he admits that it makes bad grammar. Mr. Knight changes it to *or*, gold, and justifies the alteration by the heraldic allusions in the following stanza, carrying out and completing the figure. There can be no doubt that Mr. Knight's interpretation, which, curiously enough, Malone suggested but did not adopt, is right. We need not, however, alter the original text to harmonize the passage. *Ore* is constantly used by the old writers to signify gold; and the following passage, quoted by Malone from *Hamlet*, is sufficient authority for the retention of the original text in the present instance:—

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore  
 Among a mineral of metals base,  
 Shews itself pure.—iv. 1.

We have another example in the following:—

When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, &c.—*All's Well that ends Well*, iii. 6.

‡ Beauty which consists in that whiteness, or takes its title from it.

Teaching them thus to use it in the fight;  
When shame assailed, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white.  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right:  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,\*  
Which Tarquin viewed in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;  
Where, lest between them both it should be killed,  
The coward captive vanquishèd doth yield  
To those two armies, that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue  
(The niggard prodigal that praised her so)  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
Therefore that praise† which Collatine doth owe,‡  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adorèd by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;  
For unstained thoughts do seldom dream on evil:  
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm expressed:

For that he coloured with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;  
That nothing in him seemed inordinate,

\* To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did destroy.—*Venus and Adonis*.

† Praise here signifies the object of praise, i.e. Lucretia.

‡ Own, possess.

Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy;  
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
 That, cloyed with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,  
 Could pick no meaning from their parling\* looks,  
 Nor read the subtle-shining secresies  
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books:†  
 She touched no unknown baits, nor feared no hooks;  
 Nor could she moralize‡ his wanton sight,  
 More than his eyes were opened to the light.

He stories§ to her ears her husband's fame,  
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
 With bruised arms, and wreaths of victory.  
 Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express;  
 And, wordless, so greets Heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
 He makes excuses for his being there:  
 No cloudy show of stormy, blustering weather  
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;  
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
 And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
 Intending|| weariness with heavy spright;  
 For, after supper, long he questionèd¶  
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.  
 Now laden slumber with life's strength doth fight;

---

\* Speaking.

† Find written in the margin of his eyes.

*Romeo and Juliet*, 1. 3.

‡ See note, *ante*, p. 63. The word moralize is here used in the sense of interpret: she could not penetrate the meaning of his wanton looks.

§ See note, *ante*, p. 73.

|| Pretending.

¶ Conversed.



And every one to rest himself betakes, [wakes.\*  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that

As one of which, doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:  
Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,  
Though death be adjunct,† there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they possess,  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;‡  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich § gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage:  
As life for honour, in fell battle's rage;

\* Another example of a false concord.—See note, *ante*, p. 77.

† Though that my death were adjunct to the act.

*King John*, iii. 3.

‡ The sense here is a little involved, and the edition of 1616 proposes to clear it up by reading—

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,  
That oft they have not that which they possess, &c.

But the original, although apparently obscure, conveys a finer and subtler sense. The meaning is, that those who covet much, cannot be truly said to have that which they possess, because in the desire to increase it they scatter and unloose it instead of enjoying it, and that, consequently, they have less in the end; or, even if they gain more, lose their profit in surfeiting, and so become bankrupts in enjoyment that way.

§ Numerous examples of compounds formed upon this principle of opposition, or with a view to intensify or augment the strength of the expression, will be found in these poems, and in the plays of Shakspeare. In some editions, the words have been separated, under an impression that the connecting hyphen was a corruption of the press; an alteration which destroys the original intention.

Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that, in venturing ill, we leave to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect ;  
And this ambitious, foul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have : so then we do neglect  
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;  
And for himself, himself he must forsake :  
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
To slanderous tongues, and wretched, hateful days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes :  
No comfortable star did lend his light ;  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries :  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While Lust and Murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leaped from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;  
Is madly tossed between desire and dread ;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm :  
But honest Fear, bewitched with lust's foul charm,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brainsick, rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly ;  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be loadstar to his lustful eye ;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :—

‘As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.’

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise:  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armour of still-slaughtered lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:—

‘Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!  
And die, unhallowed thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine!  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
That spots and stains love’s modest, snow-white weed.

‘O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!  
O, foul dishonour to my household’s grave!  
O, impious act, including all foul harms!  
A martial man to be soft fancy’s\* slave!  
True valour still a true respect should have:  
Then my digression† is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

‘Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;  
That my posterity, shamed with the note,  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
To wish that I their father had not been.‡

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\* Love’s.

† Deviation from virtue.

‡ The custom of transmitting through certain heraldic marks on the escutcheon a record of the disgrace of persons who had violated the laws of honour and chivalry, is intended to be referred to in this stanza. The anachronism of making Tarquin refer to it need not be pointed out.

‘What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
 Who buys a minute’s mirth, to wail a week?  
 Or sells eternity, to get a toy? \*  
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

‘If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

‘O, what excuse can my invention make,  
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?  
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
 But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

‘Had Collatinus killed my son or sire,  
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife;  
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife:  
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

‘Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:  
 Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:  
 I’ll beg her love;—but she is not her own: †

\* Eternity for bubbles proves at last  
 A senseless bargain.—COWPER.—*The Task*.  
 We need not buy our ruin with one crime,  
 And give eternity to murder time.

YOUNG.—*Love of Fame*.

† The argument in these lines is supposed, says Malone, to be carried

The worst is but denial, and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.

Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth\* be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects,† and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,  
Where her belovèd Collatinus lies.

O, how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses, that on lawn we lay;  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.‡

And how§ her hand, in my hand being locked,  
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rocked,

on between Tarquin and 'some airy monitor.' A more satisfactory explanation is given immediately afterwards, where the conflict is explicitly stated to be between his will and his reason.

\* The hangings of rooms, cloth painted in oil, with moral sentences and mottoes upon them.

† Intentions.

‡ Taken away. Numerous similar examples may be found in Shakspeare. This form of the passive participle, which Dr. Johnson seems to allow, was used by Milton, and may be traced down to Pope:—

Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took.

MILTON.—*Epitaph on Shakspeare.*

The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.—Ib.—*Il Penseroso.*

Too divine to be mistook.—Ib.—*Arcades.*

Forsook by thee, in vain I sought thy aid.

POPE.—*Odyssey.*

§ The Edition of 1616 reads *now*, which gives a clear meaning.

Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;  
 Whereat she smilèd with so sweet a cheer,  
     That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
 Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;  
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;  
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :  
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;  
     And when his gaudy banner is displayed,  
 The coward fights, and will not be dismayed.

'Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !  
 Respect\* and reason, wait on wrinkled age !  
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye :  
 Sad† pause and deep regard beseeem the sage :  
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :  
     Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;  
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies ?

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
 Is almost choked by unresisted lust.  
 Away he steals with open, listening ear,  
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;  
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
     So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
 And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine :  
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits ;  
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
 Unto a view so false will not incline ;  
     But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
 Which once corrupted, takes the worser part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers ;  
 Who, flattered by their leader's jocund show,  
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;

---

\* Caution, prudence.

† Grave.

And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;  
But as they open, they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct\* in this case:  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And, being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:  
He takes it from the rushes† where it lies;  
And, griping it, the needl‡ his finger pricks:  
As who should say, This glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inured; return again in haste:  
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him:  
He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,

---

\* Commonly used by Chaucer and the writers before Shakspeare's time for conductor.

† It was customary to strew halls, galleries, and chambers with rushes, to protect the trains of gowns and long kirtles from dust:—

Where's the cook? Is supper ready; the house trimmed, rushes strewed, &c.—*Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1.

They were strewn also in public places. Thus, in *2 Henry IV.* v. 5, two grooms enter in a public place near Westminster Abbey, strewing rushes.

‡ Needle. Malone is in error in calling *needl* an abbreviation of needle. *Neele* and *needl* were the old forms.

He takes for accidental things of trial;  
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
 Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,\*  
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,  
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
 And give the sneaped† birds more cause to sing.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing: [sands,  
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought;  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barred him from the blessed thing he sought.  
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
 As if the Heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited the Eternal Power,  
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,‡  
 And they§ would stand auspicious to the hour,  
 Even there he starts:—quoth he, 'I must deflower;  
 The powers, to whom I pray, abhor this fact;  
 How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
 My will is backed with resolution:  
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;

---

\* Hinder, obstruct.

† Checked.

Do you sneap me too, my lord?—BROME.—*Antipodes*.

Hence, apparently, snubbed. The same word is found in various forms—*snib*, *snip*, *sneb*.

‡ Interpreted 'fair beauty' by Malone; but more probably designed as a play upon the word.

§ A false concord. In the opening of the stanza he solicits the Eternal Power only.



The blackest sin is cleared with absolution ;\*  
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand plucked up the latch,  
 And with his knee the door he opens wide :  
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch :  
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
 Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside ;  
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,†  
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
 The curtains being close, about he walks,  
 Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head :  
 By their high treason is his heart misled ;  
 Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon,  
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
 Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,  
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed ;  
 But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,  
 Then had they seen the period of their ill !  
 Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,  
 In his clear bed might have reposèd still :  
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;

\* Shakspeare, like Chaucer, does not hesitate to apply the usages of Christianity to pagan antiquity.

† Steps softly, or stealthily. The term is derived from the sport of stalking for game :—

And to the bedde he stalketh stille.—GOWER.

Then underneath my horse I stalk, my game to strike.

DRAYTON.

And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,\*  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
Between whose hills her head entombèd is:  
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,†  
To be admired of lewd, unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Showed like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light;  
And canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, played with her breath;  
O, modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality:  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,

---

\* Sir John Suckling, who added a supplement to this stanza and a part of the following, gives a different version of the lines, which he professes to have derived from 'an imperfect copy of verses of Mr. William Shakspeare.' It is hardly credible that he should not have known that they were to be found in *The Rape of Lucrece*. The following is the passage which he gives in inverted commas as having been written by Shakspeare:—

One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
Which, therefore, swelled, and seemed to part asunder,  
As angry to be robbed of such a bliss:  
The one looked pale, and for revenge did long,  
While t'other blushed, 'cause it had done the wrong.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was,  
On a green satin quilt, whose perfect white  
Looked like a daisy in a field of grass.

‘On our ancient monuments the heads of the persons represented are commonly reposed on pillows.’—MALONE.

SHAKSPEARE.

7

As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquerèd ;\*  
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honorèd.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?  
What did he note, but strongly he desired ?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted ;  
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.†  
With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white, dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;  
Slacked, not suppressed ; for standing by her side  
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,‡  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
Nor children's tears nor mother's groans respecting,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :  
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,  
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye ;  
His eye commends the leading to his hand ;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,

---

\* Is not this line contradicted in the two lines following ?

† See note, *ante*, p. 39.

‡ Designing, intending.

Smoking with pride, marched on to make his stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries.  
She, much amazed, breaks ope her locked-up eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimmed and controlled.

Imagine her, as one in dead of night  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;  
What terror 'tis ! but she, in worser taking,  
From sleep disturbèd, heedfully doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapped and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to a new-killed bird she trembling lies :  
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ;  
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)  
May feel her heart, (poor citizen !) distressed,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk,\* that his hand shakes withal.  
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

---

\* Body.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies:—‘The colour in thy face  
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)  
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquered fort; the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

‘Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:  
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide,—  
My will, that marks thee for my earth’s delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

‘I see what crosses my attempt will bring;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting:  
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:  
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks,\* ’gainst law or duty.

‘I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;  
But nothing can affection’s course control,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,

---

\* An ellipsis of common occurrence.

Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth \* the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies:  
So under his insulting falchion lies

Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:  
If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him:

'So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye;  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain;  
Thy issue blurred with nameless bastardy:  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy sacred friend:  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
A little harm, done to a great good end,  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender my suit:† bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,

---

\* The meaning appears to be, to cover and set the fowl under the shadow of his wings. A setter was called a coucher.

† Have regard to my suit..

The blemish that will never be forgot;  
 Worse than a slavish wipe,\* or birth-hour's blot:†  
 For marks descried in men's nativity  
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye  
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
 While she, the picture of pure piety,  
 Like a white hind under the grype's‡ sharp claws,  
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But§ when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,  
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bidding,  
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing;  
 So his unhallowed haste her words delays,  
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul, night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
 While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse panteth;  
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly;  
 A swallowing gulf, that even in plenty wanteth:  
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining:  
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed  
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;  
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,

---

\* The brand with which slaves were marked.

† Physical blemishes.

‡ Cotgrave says that the grype is properly the griffin. But it is applied by the old writers indiscriminately to all birds of prey. It is here evidently intended for a real bird, and not for the imaginary griffin.

§ This is the reading of the old quarto, which Malone considers a misprint, and changes to *Look*. The passage, however, is perfectly intelligible as it stands, and does not require the emendation.

Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place,  
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she,—'Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;\*  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee :  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended :  
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended.  
He is no woodman, that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor, unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;  
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;  
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me ;  
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me ;  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to leave thee.  
If ever man were moved with woman's moans,  
Be movèd with my tears, my sighs, my groans :

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continual motion ;  
For stones dissolved to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

---

\* Designed, intended.



'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;  
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?  
O, be remembered,\* no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wiped away;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear,  
But happy monarchs still are feared for love:  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove:  
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonour in thy name?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,

---

\* Bear it in mind.

When, patterned by thy fault, foul Sin may say,  
He learned to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

‘Think but how vile a spectacle it were  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men’s faults do seldom to themselves appear;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother:  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
O, how are they wrapped in with infamies,  
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes!

‘To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;  
I sue for exiled majesty’s repeal; \*  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.’

‘Have done,’ quoth he: ‘my uncontrollèd tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let: †  
Small lights are soon blown out; huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret:  
The petty streams, that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls’ haste,  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.’

‘Thou art,’ quoth she, ‘a sea, a sovereign king;  
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle’s womb is hearsed,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

‘So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;

---

\* Recal.

† Hindrance.

Thou loathèd in their shame, they in thy pride.  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide:  
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state,'——  
'No more,' quoth he: 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:  
Yield to my love; if not, enforcèd hate,  
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
For light and lust are deadly enemies:  
Shame, folded up in blind concealing night,  
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannise.  
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries,  
Till with her own white fleece her voice controlled  
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,  
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;  
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O, that prone\* lust should stain so pure a bed!  
The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
And he hath won what he would lose again.  
This forcèd league doth force a farther strife;  
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;  
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:  
Pure chastity is rifled of her store;  
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

---

\* Headlong.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk \*  
The prey, wherein by nature they delight ;  
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :  
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination !  
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
Ere he can see his own abomination.  
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire :

And then, with lank, and lean, discoloured cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :  
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace,  
For there it revels ; and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;  
For now against himself he sounds this doom :—  
That through the length of times he stands disgraced :  
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;  
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have battered down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death, and pain perpetual ;

---

\* Turn aside from, leave untouched.

Which in her prescience she controllèd still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he  
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain; [stealeth,  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth;  
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,  
Leaving his spoil perplexed in greater pain.  
She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence;  
She, like a wearied lamb, lies panting there;  
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;  
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;  
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;  
He runs, and chides his vanished, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;\*  
She there remains a hopeless castaway:  
He in his speed looks for the morning light;  
She prays she never may behold the day:  
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scape† doth open lay;  
And my true eyes have never practised how  
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

\* Convert:—

— Out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learned.

*As You Like it*, v. 4.

But since you are a gentle convertite,  
My tongue will hush again the storm of war.

*King John*, v. 1.

† Any loose or wanton acts, or misdemeanours.

A very pretty barne! Sure some scape; though I am not very  
bookish, I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape.—*Winter's  
Tale*, iii. 3.

Thou lay'st thy scapes on names adored.

MILTON.—*Par. Reg.* ii.

The meaning is still preserved in the word scapegrace.

‘They think not but that every eye can see  
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold;  
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,\*  
 To have their unseen sin remain untold:  
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold:  
     And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,  
     Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.’

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
 Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.  
 Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth her spite  
 Against the unseen secrecy of night:—

‘O comfort-killing night, image of hell!  
 Dim register and notary of shame!  
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!†  
 Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
 Blind, muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
     Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator,  
     With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

‘O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,  
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
 Make war against proportioned course of time!  
 Or, if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
     His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
     Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

---

\* Changed in the modern editions to ‘still in darkness lie;’ by which the rhyme is injured, and the old form sacrificed.

† Malone supposes that when tragedies were acted the stage was hung with black, and that this line bears allusion to the custom. But there is no authority for such a supposition; and the passages he cites in support of it were obviously intended to be taken in a figurative sense.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
 Let their exhaled, unwholesome breaths make sick  
 The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
 Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick;\*  
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
     That in their smoky ranks his smothered light  
     May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child)  
 The silver-shining queen he would distain;†  
 Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,  
 Through night's black bosom should not peep again;  
 So should I have copartners in my pain:  
     And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
     As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where‡ now I have no one to blush with me,  
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,  
 To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;  
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;  
     Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
     Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

\* Point of noon:—

Scarce had the sun attained his noontide prick.

*Acolastus his After-witte.*

In the old mathematical treatises, this word is always used to designate a point. Hence prick-song, applied to written music, with reference to the dots or points of the notation. The meaning is preserved in the verb:—

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain.—SPENSER.

i.e. pricking his horse with the points of his spur.

† Stain, defile. Altered in the edition of 1616, possibly from a misconception of its meaning, to disdain.

‡ Whereas:—

— Where the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel.

*Coriolanus*, l. 1.

Sometimes used for whether:—

Why here's all fire, wit, where he will or no.

*Match at Midnight.*

' O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
 Let not the jealous day behold that face  
 Which, underneath thy black, all-hiding cloak,  
 Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace!  
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place;  
 That all the faults, which in thy reign are made,  
 May likewise be sepulchred\* in thy shade!

' Make me not object to the tell-tale day!  
 The light will show, charàctered† in my brow,  
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
 The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow:  
 Yea, the illiterate, that knew not how  
 To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,  
 Will quote‡ my loathsome trespass in my looks.

' The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;  
 The orator, to deck his oratory,  
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:  
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
 How Tarquin wrongèd me, I Collatine.

' Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
 For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:  
 If that be made a theme for disputation,

\* Milton uses the same accentuation:—

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie.

*Epitaph on Shakspeare.*

† Are visibly charàctered and engraved.

*Two Gen. of Verona*, ii. 7.

Shew me one scar charàctered on thy skin.

*2 Henry VI.* iii. 1.

This seems to have been the common pronunciation, still followed by the peasantry of Ireland, who carry it also into the substantive. As in the instance just referred to, it is supported by the authority of Milton:—

Charàctered in the face. This have I learnt.—*Comus.*

‡ Note, mark, observe:—

— What care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities.

*Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4.



The branches of another root are rotted,  
 And undeserved reproach to him allotted,  
 That is as clear from this attaind of mine,  
 As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

‘O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
 O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!  
 Reproach is stamped in Collatinus’ face.  
 And Tarquin’s eye may read the mot\* afar,  
*How he in peace is wounded, not in war.*  
 Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows!

‘If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
 From me by strong assault it is bereft:  
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
 Have no perfection of my summer left,  
 But robbed and ransacked by injurious theft:  
 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
 And sucked the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

‘Yet am I guilty† of thy honour’s wreck;  
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him:  
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
 And talked of virtue:—O, unlooked-for evil,  
 When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

‘Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud;  
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows’ nests;  
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud;

---

\* Motto, or device—one of the secondary meanings of the French word.

† Thus in the first edition. Malone considers it a misprint, and substitutes guiltless. Boswell and Mr. Dyce reject the alteration. The meaning seems to be that, after reproaching herself for the disgrace she has brought upon her husband, Lucrece suddenly remembers that for her husband’s honour she admitted the visit of Tarquin.

Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ;\*  
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?  
 But no perfection is so absolute,†  
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

‘ The aged man, that coffers up his gold,  
 Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,  
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold ;  
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
 And useless barns‡ the harvest of his wits ;  
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,  
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

‘ So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
 And leaves it to be mastered by his young ;  
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it :  
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
 To hold their cursèd-blessèd fortune long.  
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathèd sours,  
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

‘ Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;  
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers ;  
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;  
 What virtue breeds iniquity devours :  
 We have no good that we can say is ours,  
 But ill-annexèd Opportunity  
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

---

\* Why should degrading wickedness lurk in the breasts of the well-born.

† Complete. Frequently used in the sense of perfect :—

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,  
 As angels.—*Meas. for Meas.* v. 1.

Thou wouldst make an absolute courtier.

*Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 3.

This Philoten contends in skill

With absolute Marina.—*Pericles*, iv.—GOWER.

Believe me an absolute gentleman.—*Hamlet*, v. 2.

‡ Garners up.

'O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great :  
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;  
 Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;  
 Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season ;  
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;  
 And in thy shady cell, where none can spy him,  
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ;  
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thawed ;  
 Thou smotherest honesty, thou murderest troth ;  
 Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !  
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud.  
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame ;  
 Thy private feasting to a public fast ;  
 Thy smoothing\* titles to a ragged name :  
 Thy sugared tongue to bitter wormwood taste :  
 Thy violent vanities can never last.  
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
 And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?  
 When wilt thou sort† an hour great strifes to end,  
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained ?  
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained ?  
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;  
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;  
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;  
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;

---

\* Flattering.

† Choose :—

I'll sort some other time to visit you.—1 *Henry V.* ii. 3.

Advice is sporting while infection breeds ; \*  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,  
The heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

' When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;  
They buy thy help : but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
He gratis comes ; and thou art well appayed, †  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said :

My Collatine would else have come to me  
When Tarquin did, but he was stayed by thee.

' Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;  
Guilty of perjury and subornation ;  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination :  
An accessory, by thine inclination,

To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

' Misshapen Time, copesmate ‡ of ugly night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care ;  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's packhorse, virtue's snare ;  
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.

O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

' Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betrayed the hours thou gav'st me to repose ?  
Cancelled my fortunes, and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes ?  
Time's office is to fine § the hate of foes ;

---

\* The councillors and advisers of the state indulging in pleasures and amusements while pestilence is spreading amongst the people.

† From the old verb *apayen*, to please, to satisfy :—

Therwith was Perkyn apayed,  
And praised hem faste.—*Piers Ploughman*.

‡ Companion or friend.

§ To finish, to put an end to.

To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings;  
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things;  
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night;  
To wrong the wronger till he render right;\*  
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours;  
And smear with dust their glittering, golden towers;  
  
'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments;  
To feed oblivion with decay of things;  
To blot old books, and alter their contents;  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings;  
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;†  
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel;  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;  
  
'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter;  
To make the child a man, the man a child;  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter;  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;  
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled;

---

\* Dr. Farmer proposes to read—

To wring the wronger till he render right;

but this would spoil both euphony and meaning. The line means—that time ultimately takes retribution on the wronger, by dealing with him as he has dealt with others, till, from the pressure of injustice upon himself, he is compelled to render back justice to those he has wronged.

† This expression has occasioned considerable speculation. Warburton thinks that to 'cherish springs' is not the function of time intended to be implied, but the reverse, and suggests to 'tarish springs,' i.e., to dry them up, from the French, *tarir*. Dr. Johnson thinks Shakspeare wrote 'perish springs;' a reading illustrated by Dr. Farmer from an example in *The Maid's Tragedy*, where the word *perish* is used in an active sense. Malone sees no necessity for tampering with the text, since all the operations of time here described are not destructive; and, accepting the word springs in the sense of shoots or buds, in which sense it was frequently used (see *ante*, p. 61), he thinks the signification to be, that it is the office of time on the one hand to dry up the sap of the old trees, and on the other to cherish young buds or shoots.

To cheer the ploughman with increased crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

‘Why work’st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?  
One poor retiring\* minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends.  
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,  
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

‘Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight;  
Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
To make him curse this cursèd, crimeful night:  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;  
And the dire thought of his committed evil,  
Shape every bush a hideous, shapeless devil.

‘Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances;  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan, but pity not his moans;  
Stone him with hardened hearts, harder than stones;  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

‘Let him have time to tear his curlèd hair;†  
Let him have time against himself to rave;  
Let him have time of Time’s help to despair;

---

\* Returning.

† — She shunned

The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation.—*Othello*, i. 2.

This now common fashion, observes Malone, is always mentioned by Shakespeare as a distinguishing characteristic of a person of rank. Not always. It was rather the mark of vanity and pretension:—

*Lear*. What hast thou been?

*Edgar*. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress’ heart, &c.

*Lear*, iii. 4.

Let him have time to live a loathèd slave;  
 Let him have time a beggar's orts\* to crave;  
     And time to see one that by alms doth live,  
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

' Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merry fools to mock at him resort;  
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
 His time of folly and his time of sport:  
     And ever let his unrecalling crime†  
     Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

' O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!  
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill!  
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill!  
     For who so base would such an office have  
     As slanderous death's-man‡ to so base a slave?

' The baser is he, coming from a king,  
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.  
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
 That makes him honoured, or begets him hate;  
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
     The moon being clouded, presently is missed;  
     But little stars may hide them when they list.

' The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
 And unperceived fly with the filth away;  
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.

\* Fragments, refuse.

† A crime that cannot be recalled.

‡ Executioner:—

And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee.

2 *Henry VI.* iii. 2.

— I am only sorry

He had no other deathsmen.—*Lear*, iv. 6.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;  
To trembling clients be you mediators:  
For me, I force not argument a straw,\*  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;  
In vain I cavil with my infamy;  
In vain I spurn at my confirmed despite;  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
The remedy indeed to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul, defilèd blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?  
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame:  
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;  
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,  
To find some desperate instrument of death:  
But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from dischargèd cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
I feared by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,

---

\* I care not for argument a straw.



Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife:  
But when I feared, I was a loyal wife;  
So am I now.—O, no, that cannot be:  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

‘O, that is gone, for which I sought to live;  
And therefore now I need not fear to die:  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander’s livery;\*  
A dying life to living infamy.  
Poor, helpless help, the treasure stolen away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

‘Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter thee with an infringèd oath:  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:  
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,  
That thou art doting father of his fruit:

‘Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.  
For me, I am the mistress of my fate;  
And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

‘I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coined excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,

---

\* The practice of menial servants wearing liveries and badges is alluded to so far back as the statutes of Richard II. The badge was the device, crest, or arms of the master, on a separate piece of cloth, or sometimes silver, worn in the form of a shield on the left sleeve. The colour of the livery was generally blue. Lords, knights, esquires, and squires of the body, in the household of Edward IV., were required to wear a collar of the King’s livery about their necks, and, in case of omission, the squires were fined a week’s wages. In this reign the terms liveries and badges were synonymous.

To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :  
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,  
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow ;  
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended  
To ugly hell ; when, lo, the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :  
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloistered be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;  
To whom she sobbing speaks :—' O eye of eyes,  
Why pryest thou through my window ? leave thy  
peeping :  
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping :  
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with everything she sees.  
True grief is fond \* and testy as a child,  
Who, wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild :  
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,  
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenchèd in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare :  
No object but her passion's strength renews ;  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :  
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;  
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

---

\* Foolish.

The little birds, that tune their morning's joy,  
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody :  
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;  
 Sad souls are slain in merry company ;  
 Grief best is pleased with grief's society.  
     True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed,  
     When with like semblance it is sympathised.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;  
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding food ;  
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;  
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;  
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
     Who,\* being stopped, the bounding banks o'erflows :  
     Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

' You mocking birds,' quoth she, ' your tunes entomb  
 Within your hollow-swelling, feathered breasts,  
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb !  
 (My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;  
 A woful hostess brooks not merry guests)  
     Relish your nimble notes to pleasing† ears ;  
     Distress likes dumps,‡ when time is kept with tears.

' Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevelled hair.  
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
 And with deep groans the diapason bear :  
     For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
     While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill :§

---

\* Properly which. -Instances in which who is substituted for which, which for who, who for whom, &c., occur so often that it is sufficient to notice generally the prevalence of these ungrammatical usages.

† Pleased.

‡ Melancholy songs.

§ With better skill. Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, King of Athens, ravished by Tereus, the husband of her sister, Progne, was turned into a nightingale, her sister into a swallow, and Tereus into a lapwing. The story is told by Ovid, *Metam.* vi.

' And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part;  
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
 To imitate thee well, against my heart  
 Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;  
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.\*

These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment:

' And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
 Some dark, deep desert, seated from the way,  
 That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
 We will find out; and there we will unfold  
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:  
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
 Wildly determining which way to fly;  
 Or one encompassed with a winding maze,  
 That cannot tread the way out readily;  
 So with herself is she in mutiny,  
 To live or die which of the twain were better,  
 When life is shamed, and Death Reproach's debtor.†

' To kill myself,' quoth she; ' alack! what were it,  
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
 They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,  
 Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.  
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion,‡  
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,  
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

' My body or my soul, which was the dearer?  
 When the one pure, the other made divine:  
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer?

---

\* The construction of this passage is involved from inattention to the antecedent, and the substitution of who for which.

† Whether is it better to live or die when disgrace has fallen upon us; death is a debt due to self-reproach.

‡ Come to a merciless determination.

When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.  
Ah me! the bark peeled from the lofty pine,  
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;  
So must my soul, her bark being peeled away.

‘ Her house is sacked, her quiet interrupted;  
Her mansion battered by the enemy;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoiled, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
Then let it not be called impiety;  
If in this blemished fort I make some hole,  
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

‘ Yet die I will not, till my Collatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;  
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
My stained blood to Tarquin I’ll bequeath;  
Which, by him tainted, shall for him be spent;  
And, as his due, writ in my testament.

‘ My honour I’ll bequeath unto the knife  
That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
’Tis honour to deprive dishonoured life;  
The one will live, the other being dead:  
So of shame’s ashes shall my fame be bred;  
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

‘ Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.  
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:  
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe;  
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

‘ This brief abridgment of my will I make:—  
My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
My resolution, husband, do thou take;

Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;  
 My shame be his that did my fame confound;  
 And all my fame that lives, disbursèd be  
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will : \*  
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !  
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;  
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.  
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, ' So be it.'  
 Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee ;  
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
 And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
 With untuned tongue she hoarsely called her maid,  
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;  
 For fleet-winged duty with thought's feathers flies. †  
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so  
 As winter meads, when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
 With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty ;  
 And sorts ‡ a sad look to her lady's sorrow ;  
 (For why ? her face wore sorrow's livery)  
 But durst not ask of her audaciously  
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsèd so,  
 Nor why her fair cheeks overwashed with woe :

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
 Each flower moistened like a melting eye ;  
 Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet  
 Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy  
 Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,

\* Meaning that Collatine should be the executor of her wishes to see that they were carried into effect. The term overseers was sometimes applied to executors, and sometimes overseers were appointed in addition to the executors, although they had no legal power.

† — Set feathers to thy heels,  
 And fly like thought.—*King John*, iv. 2.

‡ See note, *ante*, p. 114.

Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like a dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand  
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;  
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts;  
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen minds,  
And therefore are they formed as marble will;\*  
The weak oppressed, the impression of strange kinds  
Is formed in them by force, by fraud, or skill:  
Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
Wherein is stamped the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep:  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.  
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
Though men can cover crimes with bold, stern looks,  
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath killed!  
Not that devoured, but that which doth devour,  
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild†  
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfilled‡

---

\* The meaning is a little obscure. The minds of women being wax, are susceptible of any impression the harder marble may choose to make upon them :—

How easy is it for the proper false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !

*Twelfth Night*, ii. 2.

† The old form of held. The Elizabethan poets availed themselves at will of all these forms to help their rhymes, their metre, or their verbal conceits.

‡ Literally filled full.

With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,  
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
Assailed by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
Such danger to resistance did belong,  
That dying fear through all her body spread;  
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
To the poor counterfeit\* of her complaining!  
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?  
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—(and there she stayed  
Till after a deep groan) 'Tarquin from hence?'  
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid;  
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:  
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense:—  
Myself was stirring ere the break of day;  
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness.'  
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it less;  
For more it is than I can well express:  
And that deep torture may be called a hell,  
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen:—  
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
What should I say?—one of my husband's men

---

\* Copy. The word originally implied any portrait or statue that presented a likeness.



Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear  
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:  
    Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:  
    The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.\*

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;  
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;  
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:  
    Much like a press of people at a door,  
    Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins:—'Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me:  
    So I commend me from our house of grief:  
    My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:  
She dares not thereof make discovery;  
    Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
    Ere she with blood had stained her stained excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;  
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion  
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.  
    To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
    With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion\* that it doth behold.

---

\* Dumb show.

When every part a part of woe doth bear,  
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:  
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords;\*  
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is sealed, and on it writ,—  
 'At Ardea, to my lord, with more than haste:'  
 The post attends, and she delivers it,  
 Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast  
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast.  
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:  
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein† courtesies to her low;  
 And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
 Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,  
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
 But they, whose guilt within their bosoms lie,  
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame;  
 For Lucrece thought he blushed to see her shame;

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect  
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
 To talk in deeds,‡ while others saucily  
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:  
 Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age  
 Pawned honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

---

\* Steevens and Malone think it probable that Shakspeare wrote 'deep floods.' In one of his reasons for doubting the integrity of the text, Malone commits an oversight. He says that this trite comparison between deep and shallow water always has reference to rivers, and not to the sea, where alone sounds or soundings can be taken. Assuming, therefore, that Shakspeare must have alluded to a river, he concludes that the word is a mistake, there being no sounds in rivers. But it is clear from the following line that Shakspeare distinctly intended to refer to the sea. The text is quite correct as it stands. Sounds does not mean soundings. A sound is a narrow strait of water between the main land and an isle, or connecting two seas, and is properly contrasted with a shallow ford.

† Slave.

‡ Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue.

*Troilus and Cres.* iv. 5.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;  
She thought he blushed, as knowing Tarquin's lust ;  
And, blushing with him, wistly \* on him gazed ;  
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :  
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan.  
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tirèd moan,  
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last, she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;  
Before the which is drawn † the power of Greece,  
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;  
Which the conceited ‡ painter drew so proud,  
As heaven, it seemed, to kiss the turrets bowed.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life :  
Many a dry drop seemed a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughtered husband by the wife :  
The red blood reeked to show the painter's strife ;  
And dying eyes gleamed forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;  
And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,  
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust.

\* Wistfully.

† Drawn out.

‡ Ingenious, fanciful.

Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;  
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;  
And here and there the painter interlaces  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;  
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold!  
The face of either 'ciphered either's heart;  
Their face their manners most expressly told:  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour rolled;  
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,  
Showed deep regard and smiling government,

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguiled attention, charmed the sight.  
In speech, it seemed, his beard, all silver white,  
Wagged up and down; and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath, which purled\* up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seemed to swallow up his sound advice;  
All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;  
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:  
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seemed, to mock the mind.

---

\* Ascended in circles. The meaning of the word purl—a circle formed by the running of water, without reference to sound—is established in the following lines, quoted by Malone:—

Whose stream an easy breath doth seem to blow;  
Which on the sparkling gravel runs in purl,  
As though the waves had been of silver curls.

DRAYTON.—*Mortimeriados*,

Here one man's hand leaned on another's head,  
 His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's ear;  
 Here one, being thronged, bears back, all bollen\* and  
 Another, smothered, seems to pelt† and swear: [red;  
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
     As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
 It seemed they would debate‡ with angry swords:

For much imaginary work was there;  
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,§  
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
 Griped in an armèd hand; himself, behind,  
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:  
     A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
 Stood for the whole to be imaginèd:

And from the walls of strong-besiegèd Troy,  
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, marched to field,  
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;  
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
     That, through their light joy, seemed to appear  
 Like bright things stained, a kind of heavy fear:

And, from the strond of Dardan, where they fought,  
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
 With swelling ridges; and their ranks began  
 To break upon the gallèd shore, and than  
     Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,  
 They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
 To find a face where all distress is steled; ||  
 Many she sees, where cares have carvèd some;

---

\* Swollen.

† Rage.

‡ In the sense of *bate*, strife or contention.

§ Natural.

|| According to some commentators, this word is from the old verb

But none, where all distress and dolour dwelled,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomised  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign :  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised ;  
Of what she was no semblance did remain :  
Her blue blood, changed to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,  
Showed life imprisoned in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,\*  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes :  
The painter was no god to lend her those ;  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue ;  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound ;  
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong ;  
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long ;  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

*stell*, to fix ; but in that case it should have been 'stelled.' The word is open to many conjectures ; but the most probable is that it was intended for 'steeled,' which Shakspeare has used in a similar application elsewhere.

\* — For coward dogs

Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten  
Runs far before them.—*Henry V.* ii. 4.

He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound.  
*Troilus and Cress.* v. 1.

— Spend that kiss

Which is my heaven to have.—*Antony and Cleopatra,* v. 2.

‘Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear:  
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;  
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:  
 And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
 The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

‘Why should the private pleasure of some one  
 Become the public plague of many mo? \*  
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so.  
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.  
 For one’s offence why should so many fall,  
 To plague a private sin in general?

‘Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds; †  
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
 And friend to friend gives unadvised ‡ wounds,  
 And one man’s lust these many lives confounds.  
 Had doting Priam checked his son’s desire,  
 Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.’

Here feelingly she weeps Troy’s painted woes:  
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;

\* More.

† Swoons. The word is still used in some of the provincial dialects.

‡ Unintentional, unpremeditated. Malone observes that advice formerly meant knowledge, and that the interpretation of this passage is that friends wound friends not knowing each other. This is inaccurate. The word, in one sense, meant information—conveyed or received; as, ‘I shall advise him of it,’ i. e., inform him of it; or ‘I shall seek further advice,’ i. e., further information. But this construction, which includes the element of prudence or caution indispensable to the full signification of the term, is different from that which is ordinarily understood by the word knowledge. The following example will sufficiently illustrate the employment of the word in this acceptation:—

Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Two Gen. of Verona*, iii. i.

i. e., inform me where I can procure such a ladder. Innumerable examples of this kind may be found in Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:  
 So Lucrece, set-a-work,\* sad tales doth tell  
 To pencilled pensiveness and coloured sorrow:  
 Shelendsthem words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting,† round,  
 And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:  
 At last, she sees a wretched image bound,  
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:  
 His face, though full of cares, yet showed content:  
 Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
 So mild, that Patience seemed to scorn his woes.

In him the painter laboured with his skill  
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
 A brow unbent, that seemed to welcome woe;  
 Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so,  
 That blushing red no guilty instance‡ gave,  
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have:

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
 He entertained a show so seeming just,  
 And therein so ensconced§ his secret evil,  
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust,  
 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust

\* Set at work:—

O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill required.—*Troilus and Cress.*, v. 2.

The phrase occurs frequently in Chaucer. The prefix *a* is indifferently used by the old writers for *at*, as in this instance; for *to*, as in *much-a-do*; for *on*, as in *a-foot*; for *of*, as in surnames, *John-a-Gaunt*; and in some cases to augment the force of the expression; while in others it is simply redundant. The employment of this particle as a prefix is now obsolete, except as a vulgarism; but its antiquity shows that it is not an addition of modern introduction, but an old custom still lingering amongst the people. It appears to have been an Anglo-Saxon prefix, which Casaubon traces to the Greek, an opinion supported by Stephens in his *Thesaurus*.

† The edition of 1616 reads, 'about the painted round.' The collocation of the sentence is an inversion of 'She throws her eyes round about the painting.'

‡ Evidence of guilt.

§ Concealed, as behind a sconce, the defence work of a fort.



Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,  
Or blot with hell-born sin such saintlike forms.

The well-skilled workman this mild image drew  
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew;  
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell, wherein they viewed their faces.

This picture she advisedly\* perused,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused,  
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill:  
And still on him she gazed; and, gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'——  
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look:'  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue, 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took:  
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,  
And turned it thus:—'It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,  
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled†  
With outward honesty, but yet defiled

\* Carefully, or with deliberation.—See note, *ante*, p. 134.

† Covered with guile. The prefix *be* is used here in the same sense as in *becalmèd*, *bedewèd*, *bewall*. It is proper to observe that the reading of the original edition is—

To me came Tarquin armed to beguile  
With outward honesty, &c.

The alteration to *so* was made by Malone, who thought that *to* must be a misprint. This is, however, by no means certain. The prefix *to*

With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrowed tears that Sinon sheds.

Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?

For every tear he falls\* a Trojan bleeds:

His eye drops fire; no water thence proceeds:—

Those round, clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,  
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;

For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold;

And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;

These contraries such unity do hold,

Only to flatter fools, and make them bold;

So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,

That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,

That patience is quite beaten from her breast:

She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,

Comparing him to that unhappy guest,

Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:

At last, she smilingly with this gives o'er:—

'Fool! fool!' quoth she; 'his wounds will not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,

And time doth weary time with her complaining:

She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow;

---

was often used to intensify, or extend, the meaning, as in *to-torne*, *to-print*; and in this sense, which was here apparently intended, the original reading would be perfectly correct and intelligible.—See note, *ante*, p. 72.

\* Drops, reiterated in the next line. There are many examples of the employment of fall as an active verb, to let fall, to make to fall, to strike down—in which sense it is now obsolete:—

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

*Othello*, iv. 1.

— The common executioner

Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,

But first begs pardon.—*As You Like It*, iii. 5.

And both she thinks too long with her remaining:  
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;  
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps;

Which all this time hath overslipped her thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent:  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
By deep surmise of others' detriment;  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured,  
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,  
Brings home his lord and other company;  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles streamed, like rainbows in the sky.

These water-galls\* in her dim element  
Foretel new storms to those already spent:

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes, though sod† in tears, looked red and raw;‡  
Her lively colour killed with deadly cares.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;

But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last, he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins:—'What uncouth,§ ill event  
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?

\* Watery appearances in the rainbow.

† In the sense, probably, of soddy—heavy, or sad. It seems to be used in the first of these meanings in the following passage:—

Twice sod simplicity, *his coctus*.—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!—*Love's Labour Lost*, iv. 2.

‡ And Marian's nose looks red and raw.—*Ib.* v. 2.

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red.—*Hamlet*, iv. 4.

§ Unknown, strange.

I am surprisèd with an uncouth fear.—*Titus Andron.* ii. 4.

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?  
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness;  
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:

At length, addressed \* to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know

Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;

While Collatine and his consorted lords,

With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest

Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:

'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amending:

In me more woes than words are now depending;

And my laments would be drawn out too long,

To tell them all with one poor tirèd tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:—

Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed

A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,

Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;

And what wrong else may be imaginèd

By foul enforcement might be done to me,

From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free:

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,

With shining falchion in my chamber came

A creeping creature, with a flaming light,

And softly cried,—'Awake, thou Roman dame,

And entertain my love; else lasting shame

---

\* Having got ready to answer his questions.

— See, your guests approach:

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,

And let's be red with mirth.—*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

Turnus addressed his men to single fight.—*DRYDEN*.

On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

'For some hard-favoured groom of thine,' quoth he,  
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,  
And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

'With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he set his sword,  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word:  
So should my shame still rest upon record;  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:  
My bloody judge forbad my tongue to speak;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
That my poor beauty had purloined his eyes;  
And when the judge is robbed, the prisoner dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!  
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;  
Though my gross blood be stained with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind:  
That was not forced; that never was inclined  
To accessary yieldings; but still pure  
Doth in her poisoned closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
With head declined, and voice dammed up with woe,  
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away, that stops his answer so:

But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain :  
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent, roaring tide  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste ;  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast ;  
In rage sent out, recalled in rage, being past ;  
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw :

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :—

‘ Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power : no flood by raining slaketh.

My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
More feeling-painful : let it then suffice  
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes :

‘ And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;  
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late ; yet let the traitor die ;  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

‘ But ere I name him, you, fair lords,’ quoth she,  
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,  
‘ Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;  
For ’tis a meritorious, fair design,

To chase injustice with revengeful arms : [harms.\*  
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies’

At this request, with noble disposition  
Each present lord began to promise aid,  
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,

\* This anachronism—the introduction of the laws of chivalry into a Roman story—is still more circumstantially carried out in the ensuing stanza.

Longing to hear the hateful foe bewrayed : \*  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
     The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she ;  
     'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

'What is the quality of mine offence,  
 Being constrained with dreadful circumstance?  
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
 My low-declined honour to advance?  
 May any terms acquit me from this chance?  
     The poisoned fountain clears itself again ;  
     And why not I from this compellèd stain?

With this, they all at once began to say,  
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;  
 While with a joyless smile she turns away  
 The face, that map, which deep impression bears  
 Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.  
     'No, no,' quoth she : 'no dame, hereafter living,  
     By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.' †

Here, with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
 She throws forth Tarquin's name : 'He, he,' she says ;  
 But more than 'he,' her poor tongue could not speak ;  
 Till, after many accents and delays,  
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
     She utters this :—'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,  
     That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathèd in her harmless breast  
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed :  
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
 Of that polluted prison where it breathed :  
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed  
     Her wingèd sprite ; and through her wounds doth fly  
     Life's lasting date from cancelled destiny.

\* Discovered, betrayed :—

He did bewray his practice.—*Lear*, ii. i.

† Malone traces this expression to a passage in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567. 'As for my part, though I cleare myselfe of the offence, my body shall feel the punishment, for no unchaste or ill woman shall hereafter impute no dishonest act to Lucrece.'

Stone-still, astonished with this deadly deed,  
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;  
 Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
 Himself on her self-slaughtered body threw ;  
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
     The murderous knife; and as it left the place,  
     Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on every side,  
 Who like a late-sacked island vastly\* stood,  
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.  
     Some of her blood still pure and red remained ;  
     And some looked black, and that false Tarquin stained.

About the mourning and congealèd face  
 Of that black blood, a watery rigol† goes,  
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :  
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;  
     And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
     Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

' Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,  
 ' That life was mine, which thou hast here deprived.  
 If in the child the father's image lies,  
 Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unlivèd ?  
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.  
     If children predecease progenitors,  
     We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

---

\* Deserted like a waste :—

— Urchins

Shall for that vast of night, when they may work,  
 All exercise on thee.—*Tempest*, i. 2.

They have seemed to be together, though absent ; shook hands as  
 over a vast.—*Winter's Tale*, i. 1.

† A circle, or diadem :—

— This is a sleep

That from this golden rigol hath divorced  
 So many English kings.—*Henry IV.*, iv. 4.



‘Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;  
But now that fair, fresh mirror, dim and old,  
Shows me a bareboned death by time outworn;  
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
And shivered all the beauty of my glass,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

‘O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,  
If they surcease to be, that should survive.  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the faltering, feeble souls alive?  
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:  
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!’

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;  
And then in key-cold\* Lucrece’ bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space;  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
And live, to be revengèd on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart’s aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said:

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronouncèd plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrow’s tide, to make it more:  
At last it rains, and busy winds give o’er.

\* A very old phrase—as cold as a key:—

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king.—*Richard III.* i. 2.

Then son and father weep with equal strife,  
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says, 'She's mine.'—'O, mine she is,'  
Replies her husband: 'do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
He weeps for her; for she was only mine,  
And only must be wailed by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life,  
Which she too early and too late\* hath spilled.'  
'Woe, woe!' quoth Collatine; 'she was my wife;  
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath killed.'  
'My daughter!' and 'My wife!' with clamours filled  
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
Answered their cries, 'My daughter!' and 'My wife!'

Brutus, who plucked the knife from Lucrece' side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;  
And armed his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise:  
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?  
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,

---

\* Too recently.

For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

‘Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations;  
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations;  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
(Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced)  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
chased.\*

‘Now, by the Capitol that we adore;  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained;  
By heaven’s fair sun, that breeds the fat earth’s store;  
By all our country rights in Rome maintained;  
And by chaste Lucrece’ soul, that late complained  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife;—  
We will revenge the death of this true wife.’

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kissed the fatal knife to end his vow;  
And to his protestation urged the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;  
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin’s foul offence:  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly† did give consent  
To Tarquin’s everlasting banishment.

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\* To invoke the gods to permit these abominations to be chased from Rome.

† With applause, or by acclamation.

## SONNETS.

[SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on the 20th of May, 1609, and published in the same year by Thomas Thorpe, together with the poem called *A Lover's Complaint*. The allusion to these Sonnets by Meres shows that some of them must have been written, and in private circulation, before 1598; and it is not unlikely that the greater part belong to nearly the same period. A conflict of hypotheses, intimately connected with the date of the Sonnets, has been raised respecting the facts and persons to which they are supposed to refer. The whole interest of this controversy is derived from the assumption that they relate to actual occurrences, and represent real emotions; an assumption justified, to some extent, by the air of gravity and truthfulness that pervades them, but weakened, if not absolutely destroyed, by the want of agreement in the grounds on which it is maintained.

Schlegel is of opinion that the Sonnets reveal the early life of the poet, and contain the confessions of his youth. Coleridge believes that they express an actual passion, and that they were all addressed to a woman; a supposition which Mr. Hallam holds to be totally untenable. Chalmers is at considerable pains to prove that they were addressed to Queen Elizabeth, the allusion to the male sex being intended to typify her majesty in her capacity as sovereign. Gildon and Sewell had a loose impression that the Sonnets were amatory throughout, and written in praise of a mistress. Tyrwhitt, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, and Drake maintain that upwards of a hundred were addressed to a man, but cannot agree as to the exact number, and differ still more widely as to the person who was the object of them. Mr. Armitage Brown, who has treated the subject more elaborately than his predecessors, arrives at the conclusion that they are not sonnets at all, and that they consist of six distinct poems, five of which are addressed to a friend, and the sixth, and last, to

a mistress. Seeing that these irreconcilable views are asserted with equal confidence, and almost with equal success, a temperate judgment would be less disposed to accept any of them than to reject them all. If the Sonnets were so strongly imbued with the auto-biographical element as their interpreters have assumed, the probability is that they would have spoken a more definite language.

Upon one point alone there is an approach to agreement—that of the whole number of one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, one hundred and twenty-six are addressed to a man. This supposition, supported by the general tenor, sentiments, and allusions of the poems, admits of no reasonable doubt. The warmth of the expressions is referred to the fashion of the day; a sufficient explanation of a profound ardour which would otherwise be inexplicable to the modern reader, and of which there are few examples, carried to such a height of devotion, even in the sixteenth century. But the question is, Who was the person to whom Shakspeare offered up this homage? The only clue we possess to guide us upon the inquiry is the publisher's dedication. How little assistance it yields, however, towards clearing up the mystery will be seen by tracing briefly the attempts that have been made to identify the individual there indicated.

The dedication is to 'Mr. W. H.,' who is described as 'the only begetter' of the Sonnets. 'By their begetter,' observes Mr. Hallam, 'we can only understand the cause of their being written;' and in that sense, and in that sense alone, the word *beget* is employed by Shakspeare himself, who frequently uses it in his plays. W. H., whoever he may have been, must, therefore, be regarded as the 'dear friend' of the Sonnets.

The first speculation upon the initials was hazarded by Dr. Farmer, who supposed that they applied to William Hart, the son of Shakspeare's sister, Joan; but the discovery of the date of Hart's baptism at Stratford, on the 28th August, 1600, showed that many of the Sonnets, certainly those spoken of in *The Wit's Treasury*, must have been written

at least two years before he was born. This conclusive evidence, however, was scarcely required to disprove Dr. Farmer's hypothesis. The person addressed in the Sonnets was manifestly a man of birth and influence. William Hart was the son of a hatter, and is presumed to have been the actor who is mentioned in a warrant of the time of Charles I. as an assistant to the King's players. There is no single particular in which he answers to the description of the poet, who, independently of all other circumstances, could never have written in a strain of such ardent admiration and singular respect to his own nephew.

Tyrwhitt believed that he had detected the secret in a punning line in the twentieth Sonnet:—

A man in hue all Hews in his controlling.

Putting together this 'Hews,' and the initials in the Dedication, he inferred that the publisher's incognito was one William Hughes. Tyrwhitt was led to this strange conjecture by the capital letter prefixed to the word 'Hews' in the old edition; a custom so common amongst the publications of the period that it is surprising he should have imagined it was intended to convey any special meaning in this instance.

Dr. Drake, arguing from some slight verbal resemblances between the dedications of the *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, and certain passages in the Sonnets, fixed upon Lord Southampton, whose friendship for Shakspeare gave an appearance of probability to the supposition. But several circumstances concur to set aside this claim. In the first place it becomes necessary to invert Lord Southampton's names, Henry Wriothesley, in order to reconcile them to the initials in Thorpe's dedication; and in the second place, there was no period of Lord Southampton's life at which the designation Mr. W. H. could have applied to him, he having succeeded to his father when he was only eight years of age. The incidents also of Lord Southampton's career during the years when it is supposed the Sonnets were written, render it nearly

impossible that he could have been the object of them. In 1597 he was serving in the fleet off the Azores; in 1598 he accompanied Essex to Ireland; from that time he was deeply engaged in the designs of Essex, and in February, 1601, he was tried for high treason, and committed to the Tower, where he was confined till the death of the Queen in 1603. Upon his release in that year, he was appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight, and in the following year he was arrested again. The only interval in which he could have been brought into those relations with Shakspeare which are implied in the poems, was between 1604 and 1609, the date of their publication; but it is agreed on all hands that they belong to a much earlier period, and that some of them, in which the foundations of the imaginary history are laid, were written many years before. Nor can Lord Southampton be traced in the personal qualities, resplendent with youth and beauty, bestowed by Shakspeare upon the subject of his homage.

Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, who avows that he considers the name of the individual less important than the attempt to solve the meaning of the Sonnets, devotes his inquiries chiefly to the latter, touching briefly, but with confidence, on the former. He maintains, as had previously been asserted by others, that the person designated under the initials was 'William Herbert, afterwards, when the folio was published, William, Earl of Pembroke' He thinks that this hypothesis is sustained by 'every probability short of certainty;' and Mr. Hallam is of opinion that, though 'not strictly proved, it is sufficiently so to demand our assent.' No proofs, however, are produced in support of it; and the probabilities are of the slenderest kind. The only known link between Shakspeare and the Earl of Pembroke is furnished by the dedication to his lordship and his brother, the Earl of Montgomery, in 1623, of the folio edited by Heminge and Condell, in which a reference is made to the favours Shakspeare, when living, had received from those noblemen. This allusion, and the coincidence between the initials of his

lordship's names and those of the 'begetter' of the Sonnets, and the traditional character of Lord Pembroke as a patron of letters, constitute the whole of the presumptive evidence. Admitting all the force that can be reasonably allowed to such evidence, it amounts to nothing more than a colourable conjecture. But there is a circumstance which distinctly establishes the fact that, whoever W. H. may have been, he could not have been the Earl of Pembroke. Thorpe's dedication, in which the unknown person is described as *Mr.* W. H., was published in 1609; William Herbert succeeded to his father's title in January, 1600-1, and had, therefore, been Earl of Pembroke nine years before the dedication appeared. It is curious that Mr. Brown should have overlooked in this case a difficulty which he detected in that of the Earl of Southampton; and that, although in his own account of the Earl of Pembroke he gives the date of 1601, he should have pursued his theory under an impression that the succession to the title did not take place till many years afterwards, when the folio was published.

If the laborious ingenuity bestowed upon this part of the inquiry has utterly failed, experimental criticism has not been more fortunate in reference to the Sonnets themselves. It is here that Mr. Brown's analysis presents the most striking original theory that has been ventured upon by any of Shakspeare's commentators; but the results are obtained by a process of reasoning which is calculated to excite surprise rather than to produce conviction. In order to accommodate his theory, it becomes necessary to reconstruct the whole series, and to regard them under an entirely new aspect. Instead of considering them as detached sonnets, connected, more or less, in subject, like the sonnets of Petrarch and Surrey, Mr. Brown distributes them into six separate poems in the sonnet stanza. He thus obtains a suite of incidents, in which Shakspeare is represented, first, advising his friend to marry; next, reproaching him for robbing him of his mistress; and, finally, addressing the lady on her infidelity.

An ideal interpretation, somewhat similar to this, has pro-



bably passed through the minds of most readers of the Sonnets, although not in so rigorous a form. It is impossible to read them without constructing out of them a theory of some kind. They seem to tell a certain story dimly, and we fancy every now and then that we have struck upon a clue to the mystery; but are constantly baffled in our speculation by new perplexities. It is only by refusing to accept them as independent sonnets, and by presenting them in an arbitrary combination of his own, that Mr. Brown is enabled to extract from them a continuity of design which there is ample reason for believing was not contemplated by Shakspeare. That they were written as distinct pieces, and never intended to be grouped into consecutive poems, is clearly shown by the testimony of Meres, who speaks of them as 'sugred Sonnets,' a term which could not have been applied to compositions of any length; and this view is confirmed by the publication of two of them separately by Jaggard, and of the whole in the life-time, and, apparently, with the sanction, of Shakspeare, numbered as they have come down to us. We have no right to disturb this arrangement. An objection of another kind may be urged against Mr. Brown's hypothesis—that it destroys the charm of the Sonnets by dissolving them into a narrative.

It can neither be proved, nor denied, that the Sonnets reflect something of the life of Shakspeare. All poetry is auto-biographical. But the particle of actual life out of which verse is wrought may be, and almost always is, wholly incommensurate to the emotion depicted, and remote from the forms into which it is ultimately shaped. We should remember, also, that poets draw upon two sources—experience and observation; and who shall undertake to separate the realities from the creations? The argument that derives from the earnestness of these Sonnets an evidence in favour of the auto-biographical theory is the weakest of all. What phase of life, or aspect of passion, or suffering, has not Shakspeare painted with equal truth and fervour?]

## Dedication.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER  
OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. H.,

ALL HAPPINESS,

AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED

BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,

WISHETH THE

WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER

IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.\*

## I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory :  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.†

## 2

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,

\* Thomas Thorpe, the first publisher of the Sonnets.

† The argument of this sonnet, expanded through several of those that immediately follow, is repeatedly urged by Venus in her passionate remonstrance with Adonis. For a particular example, see *ante*, p. 43. It re-appears in many shapes in the plays, and was a favourite theme with the Elizabethan poets, and their successors down to the Restoration, when it sank into grossness.

Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,  
 Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held :  
 Then, being asked where all thy beauty lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;  
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.  
 How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,  
 If thou couldst answer,—'This fair child of mine  
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,'—  
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.  
 This were to be new-made when thou art old,  
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

## 3

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
 Now is the time that face should form another ;  
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother :  
 For where is she so fair, whose unearned\* womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
 Or who is he so fond,† will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?  
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime ;  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
 But if thou live, remembered not to be,  
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.‡

\* Untilled, from *ear*, to till; hence *earable*, now changed to *arable*, fit for tilling:—

He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop.—*All's Well that ends well*, ii. 3.

— Let them go

To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow.

*Richard II.* iii. 2.

And never after ear so barren a land.—*Dedication of Venus and Adonis*.

† Foolish.

‡ Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,  
 If you would lead those graces to the grave,  
 And leave the world no copy.—*Twelfth Night*, i. 5.

## 4

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?  
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;  
 And being frank, she lends to those are free.  
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 The bounteous largess given thee to give? \*  
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
 For having traffic with thyself alone,  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive:  
 Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?  
 Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
 Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

## 5

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
 And that unfair, † which fairly doth excel;  
 For never-resting time leads summer on  
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there;  
 Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
 Beauty o'ersnowed, and bareness every where:  
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:

- 
- \* Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
 And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent  
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy?  
 But you invert the covenants of the trust,  
 And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
 With that which you received on other terms.

MILTON.—*Comus*.

† An adjective, converted by the common licence into a verb.  
 Grammar may be conciliated by supposing an ellipsis, 'and make that  
 unfair,' &c.

But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,  
Lose but their show; their substance still lives  
sweet.

## 6

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distilled:  
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-killed.  
That use\* is not forbidden usury,  
Which happies† those that pay the willing loan;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee;  
Then, what could Death do, if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-willed; for thou art much too fair  
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

## 7

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
And, having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage:  
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,  
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract, and look another way:  
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
Unlooked on diest, unless thou get a son.

---

\* Usance.

† See note, *ante*, p. 155.

## 8

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly? \*  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy,  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly;  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
 If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
 Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;  
 Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother;  
 Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
     Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
     Sings this to thee;—'Thou single wilt prove none.'

## 9

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless† wife:  
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep,  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind;  
 When every private widow well may keep,  
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end;  
 And, kept unused, the user so destroys it.  
     No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
     That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## 10

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
 Who for thyself art so unprovident:

---

\* O thou, whom to hear is music, why hearest thou? &c.—MALONE.

† Mateless, companionless.

Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many;  
 But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;  
 For thou art so possessed with murderous hate,  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,\*  
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!  
 Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?  
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind;  
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:  
     Make thee another self, for love of me,  
     That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## II

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest,  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
 And that fresh blood, which youngly thou bestowest  
 Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth con-  
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase; [vertest.  
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescore years would make the world away.  
 Let those, whom Nature hath not made for store,†  
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:  
 Look, whom she best endowed, she gave thee more;  
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:  
     She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby,  
     Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

## 12

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;

\* This is the true use of the verb to ruinate, originally applied only to buildings, but afterwards employed in a more general signification. Shakspeare uses it almost invariably in the former sense:—

I will not ruinate my father's house,  
 Who gave his blood to lime the stones together.

3 Henry VI. v. 5.

† For use. To lay no store by a thing was an old saying to imply that a thing was of no use or value.

When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls all silvered o'er\* with white;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd;  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:—  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow;  
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,  
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

## 13

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live:  
 Against this coming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give:  
 So should that beauty, which you hold in lease,  
 Find no determination: then you were  
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unthrifths!—Dear my love, you know,  
 You had a father; let your son say so.

## 14

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
 And yet, methinks, I have astronomy;  
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:  
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;

---

\* Originally printed *or*, which Malone considers an error of the press.



Or say, with princes if it shall go well,  
 By oft predict\* that I in heaven find:  
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive;  
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art,  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;  
     Or else of thee this I prognosticate;—  
     Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

## 15

When I consider every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment;  
 That this huge state presenteth nought but shows,  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheerèd and checked even by the selfsame sky;  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory;—  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;  
     And, all in war with time, for love of you,  
     As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## 16

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?  
 And fortify yourself in your decay  
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?  
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours;  
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
 With virtuous wish would bear you† living flowers,  
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit:  
 So should the lines of life that life repair,  
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,

---

\* Frequent predictions.

† The first edition reads 'your.'

Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,\*  
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;  
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

## 17

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
 If it were filled with your most high deserts?  
 Though yet, heaven knows! it is but as a tomb,  
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.  
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 The age to come would say, this poet lies,  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.  
 So should my papers, yellowed with their age,  
 Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue;  
 And your true rights be termed a poet's rage,  
 And stretchèd metre of an antique song:  
 But were some child of yours alive that time,  
 You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

## 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;†  
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest;  
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

\* Beauty.

† That beauty thou possessest.

## 19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
 And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;  
 Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,  
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## 20

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;\*  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
 A man in hue all hues† in his controlling,  
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.

---

\* Malone suggests that 'master-mistress does not perhaps mean *man*-mistress, but *sovereign*-mistress.' This suggestion is set aside by the sonnet itself, which explains that the passion (obviously used in a figurative sense) is addressed to a man. The last line makes the nature of the passion perfectly clear. It is to this sonnet Coleridge is supposed to allude, when, after expressing his opinion that the whole of the sonnets were addressed to a woman, he says that there is one which, from its incongruity, he takes to be a purposed blind.

† In the first edition this line appears—

A man in hew all Hews in his controlling.

In the old orthography hue was indifferently spelt *hewe* and *hew*; so also was the proper name Hughes. Hence it was conjectured by Tyrwhitt that the sonnets were addressed to a person of that name; and as the printer's Dedication was to W. H., who is called the

And for a woman wert thou first created ;  
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she pricked thee out for women's pleasure,  
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

## 21

So is it not with me as with that muse,  
 Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse ;  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;  
 Making a couplement of proud compare,  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure\* hems.  
 O, let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air : †  
 Let them say more that like of hear-say well :  
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

## 22

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;

\* 'begetter' of the sonnets, Tyrwhitt further inferred that his name was William Hughes. We are equally at liberty to conjecture that they were addressed to a person whose Christian name was Hugh, which would give a much more perfect play to the conceit. If the person's name was Hughes, the line ought to read—

A man in hews all Hews in his controlling.

\* Round.

† This image occurs in several places :—

For by these blessed candles of the night.

*Mer. of Venice*, v. 1.

— There's husbandry in heaven ;

Their candles are all out.—*Macbeth*, ii. 1.

Night's candles are burnt out.—*Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5.

But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
 Then look I death my days should expiate.\*  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee,  
 Is but the seemingly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;  
 How can I then be elder than thou art?  
 O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
 As I not for myself but for thee will;  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;  
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## 23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;  
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.  
 O, let my books be then the eloquence  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;  
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,  
 More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.  
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## 24

Mine eye hath played the painter, and hath steled†  
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;‡

\* 'Then do I expect that death should fill up the measure of my days.'—MALONE. In other words, the measure of my life would be completed or satisfied. It is used elsewhere in nearly a similar application:—

Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

*Richard III.* iii. 3.

† See note, *ante*, p. 132.

‡ The custom of using table-books, with a pointed style, or pencil

My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
 And perspective\* it is best painter's art.  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictured lies,  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,—  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## 25

Let those who are in favour with their stars,  
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlooked for joy in that I honour most.  
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried;  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,†  
 After a thousand victories once foiled,

---

attached to them by a string, was common in Shakspeare's time; but had a much earlier origin. These table-books are alluded to by Chaucer in *The Somnour's Tale* :—

A payr of tablis al of yvory,  
 And a poyntel y-polischt fetisshly.—*Ann. Ed. ii. 105.*

The word table was often applied to a picture.

\* If it were safe to draw general inferences as to the prevailing modes of pronunciation from poetical examples, we might be justified in concluding that this word was usually pronounced in the time of Elizabeth as it is here accented, since we find it always so accented by Shakspeare :—

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me.  
*All's Well that ends well, v. 3.*

Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,  
 Show nothing but confusion.—*Richard II. ii. 2.*

† The first edition reads worth—an apparent misprint. The emendation in the text was proposed by Theobald.

Is from the book of honour rasèd quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toiled:  
     Then happy I, that love and am beloved,  
     Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

## 26

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
 To thee I send this written embassy,  
 To witness duty, not to show my wit:  
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;  
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:  
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,  
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
     Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;  
     Till then, not show my head where thou mayst  
     prove me.\*

## 27

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
 But then begins a journey in my head,  
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired:  
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,

---

\* Dr. Drake discovers in the close resemblance between the language of the Dedication of the *Rape of Lucrece*, and that of part of this sonnet, an evidence that the whole of these pieces were addressed to Lord Southampton. The coincidence is, probably, accidental, and is too slight to warrant so sweeping a conclusion. 'He opens the Dedication to his lordship,' says Dr. Drake, 'with the assurance that *his love for him is without end*. In correspondence with this declaration, the sonnet commences with this remarkable expression—*Lord of my love*; while the residue tells us, in exact conformity with the prose address, his high sense of his lordship's merit and his own unworthiness.'—*Shakespeare and his Times*, ii. 64.

And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,\*  
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
 Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

## 28

How can I then return in happy plight,  
 That am debarred the benefit of rest?  
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,  
 But day by night, and night by day oppressed;  
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
 The one by toil, the other to complain  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee?  
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:  
 So flatter I the swart-complexioned night;  
 When sparkling stars twire† not, thou gild'st the even.  
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem  
 stronger.

## 29

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least;

---

\* Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
 Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.

*Romeo and Juliet*, i. 5.

† To peep out; also, to twinkle, or gleam.



Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee; and then my state,  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate : \*  
 For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings,  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :  
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight ; †  
 Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

## 31

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;

---

\* Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,  
 The morn not waking till she sings.

LYLY—*Alex. and Camp.* v. 1.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phoebus 'gins arise.—*Cymbeline*, ii. 3.

— Ye birds

That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.

MILTON—*Par. Lost*, 1.

† It may be conjectured from the context that sight is here employed for sigh, for the convenience of the rhyme. The usage is not without precedent and authority. Many similar examples occur in the writings of an age when neither orthography nor pronunciation appears to have been fixed. Malone observes that Spenser used sight for sighed ; but that would have been correct by analogy—as in a multitude of cases in which the past participle was formed by the addition of the t.

And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
 And all those friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious\* tear  
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,  
 As interest of the dead, which now appear  
 But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!  
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
 That due of many now is thine alone.

Their images I loved I view in thee;  
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

## 32

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,  
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
 And though they be outstripped by every pen,  
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!  
 'Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,  
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
 To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died, and poets better prove,  
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

## 33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:

\* Referring to the obsequies for the dead.

Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow;  
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,  
 The region cloud\* hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun  
 staineth.

## 34

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

## 35

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authorising thy trespass with compare,  
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:

---

\* 'The cloud of this region or country.'—MALONE. A similar expression occurs in *Hamlet*—'the region kite.' It is possible, however, that the word may be a misprint for 'regent,' which would carry out the image of the 'sovereign' sun, and the cloud that intercepted it, and occupied its place.

For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,\*  
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate)  
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
 That I an accessory needs must be  
 To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

## 36

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one:  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable spite;†  
 Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame;  
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:  
 But do not so: I love thee in such sort,  
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## 37

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame‡ by fortune's dearest§ spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,

---

\* Malone considers this line unintelligible, and suggests that we should read 'I bring incense.' But the meaning is sufficiently obvious — 'I bring in my reason to excuse thy fault, and to commence a plea against myself as being as much in fault as thou art.'

† A spite that separates us.

‡ It has been supposed, somewhat rashly, from this passage, that Shakspeare was really lame, although, as Mr. Brown observes, the poet also says, a few lines after, 'So then I am not lame,' which ought to set him on his legs again.

§ Excessive.

Entitled in thy parts\* do crownèd sit,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store :  
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
 That I in thy abundance am sufficed,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee :  
 This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

## 38

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent .  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?  
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine, which rhymers invocate;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## 39

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?  
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?  
 Even for this let us divided live,  
 And our dear love lose name of single one,  
 That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave

---

\* Malone thinks this means, 'Ennobled in thy parts,' which seems to be the true signification.

To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)  
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

## 40

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?  
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;  
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;  
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest  
 By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.  
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;  
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
 Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

## 41

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed ; \*  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed.  
 Ah me ! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth ;

---

\* She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed ;  
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.

1 *Henry VI.* v. 3.

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## 42

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;  
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—  
Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her;  
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:  
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;  
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

## 43

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected;\*  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.  
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,  
How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?  
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?  
All days are nights to see, till I see thee, [me.  
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee

## 44

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way;

---

\* Unregarded.

For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
 No matter then, although my foot did stand  
 Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;  
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
 As soon as think the place where he would be.  
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
 To leap large length of miles when thou art gone,  
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,\*  
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
     Receiving nought, by elements so slow,  
     But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

## 45

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;†  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
 For when these quicker elements are gone  
 In tender embassy of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four,‡ with two alone,  
 Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy;  
 Until life's composition be recured  
 By those swift messengers returned from thee,  
 Who even but now come back again, assured  
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
     This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,  
     I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## 46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.

\* Clogged in his movements by the two heavy elements; designated in *Henry V.* 'the dull elements of earth and water.'

† I am air and fire, my other elements

I give to baser life.—*Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2.

‡ Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

*Twelfth Night*, II. 3.



My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,  
 A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
 To 'cide this title is empannellèd  
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
 And by their verdict is determinèd  
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:  
     As thus:—mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
     And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

## 47

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:  
 When that mine eye is famished for a look,\*  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
 So, either by thy picture or my love,  
 Thyself away art present still with me;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;  
     Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
     Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## 48

How careful was I when I took my way,  
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
 That, to my use, it might unused stay  
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!  
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.

---

\* While I at home starve for a merry look.

*Com. of Errors*, ii. 1.

Thou have I not locked up in any chest,  
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;  
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,  
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

## 49

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
 Called to that audit by advised respects;  
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,  
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye;—  
 When love, converted from the thing it was,  
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity;  
 Against that time do I ensconce\* me here  
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
 And this my hand against myself uprear,  
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

## 50

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When what I seek,—my weary travels' end,—  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
 'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;

---

\* Fortify. See note, *ante*, p. 135.

For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—  
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## 51

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :  
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;  
In wingèd speed no motion shall I know :  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;  
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,  
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade :  
    Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
    Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

## 52

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet uplockèd treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For\* blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,†  
Since seldom coming, in the long year set :  
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,  
Or captain‡ jewels in the carcanet.§  
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special blessed,  
By new unfolding his imprisoned pride.  
Blessèd are you, whose worthiness gives scope ;  
Being had, to triumph ; being lacked, to hope.

---

\* For fear of blunting, &c.—MALONE.

† He means the four festivals of the year.—STEEVENS.

‡ Chief, most valuable.

§ A chain or collar of jewels.

## 53

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade;  
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
 Is poorly imitated after you;  
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:  
 Speak of the spring, and foison\* of the year:  
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
 The other as your bounty doth appear,  
 And you in every blessed shape we know.  
 In all external grace you have some part,  
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## 54

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
 The canker-blooms† have full as deep a dye,  
 As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,  
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
 When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:  
 But, for their virtue only is their show,  
 They live unwooded, and unrespected fade;  
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:  
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
 When that shall fade, my ‡ verse distils your truth.

## 55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;

---

\* Abundance.

† The blossoms of the canker, or dog-rose.

‡ The original edition reads *by*. Malone supplies the emendation, which gives a more direct and palpable meaning, and seems to be justified by the ensuing lines.

But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.  
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 And broils root out the work of masonry,  
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 The living record of your memory.  
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,  
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes,

## 56

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,  
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
 Which but to-day by feeding is allayed,  
 To-morrow sharpened in his former might:  
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,  
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.  
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new  
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
 Return of love, more blessed may be the view;  
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care, [rare  
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wished, more

## 57

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,\*  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,

---

\* The hour that seems as if it would never come to an end while I am watching the clock for you.

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,  
Save, where you are, how happy you make those:  
So true a fool is love, that in your will,  
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

## 58

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of pleasure;  
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!  
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,  
The imprisoned absence of your liberty;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time:  
Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## 59

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,  
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burthen of a former child?  
O, that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mind at first in character was done!  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composèd wonder of your frame;  
Whether we are mended, or wher better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.

O! sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## 60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end,  
Each changing place with that which goes before;  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity once in the main of light,\*  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.  
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

## 61

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?  
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
For thee watch I, while thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

## 62

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part;

\* The great body of light; as the main of waters.

And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chopped with tanned antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## 63

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;  
When hours have drained his blood, and filled his  
brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
Hath travelled on to age's steepy night;  
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
Are vanishing or vanished out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.

His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

## 64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-rased,  
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;



When I have seen such interchange of state,  
 Or state itself confounded to decay;  
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat;  
 That time will come, and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## 65

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?  
 O fearful meditation! where, alack!  
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?  
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

## 66

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,  
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
 And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## 67

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,  
 And with his presence grace impiety,  
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
 And lace\* itself with his society?  
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
 Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggared of blood to blush through lively veins?  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,  
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

## 68

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
 When beauty lived and died, as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signs of fair† were borne,  
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
 To live a second life on second head,  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:‡

\* Embellish.

† Beauty.

‡ This custom of violating the grave to procure hair is again alluded to by Shakspeare in the following passage:—

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.

*Mer. of Venice*, iii. 2.

The tresses thus obtained were dyed a reddish or golden colour, in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, whose natural hair was of that colour, and who herself set the example of wearing artificial locks. Dyeing the hair was a universal fashion in that reign, and the rage for false curls was carried so far that, according to Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, it was a common practice with ladies to allure children, who had beautiful hair, to private places for the purpose of rifling them of their treasure.

In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
 Making no summer of another's green,  
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
     And him as for a map doth nature store,  
     To show false art what beauty was of yore.

## 69

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,  
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,  
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
 Thine outward thus with outward praise is crowned;  
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,  
 In other accents do this praise confound,  
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were  
     kind,  
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
     But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
     The solve\* is this,—that thou dost common grow.

## 70

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,†  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time;  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure, unstained prime.  
 Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assailed, or victor being charged;

\* Solution—substituted by Malone for *solge*, the reading of the original edition.

† Beauty is always exposed to suspicion.

Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged :  
 If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,  
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.\*

## 71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell †  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse:  
 But let your love even with my life decay;  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

## 72

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
 What merit lived in me, that you should love  
 After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 To do more for me than mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I  
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:  
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.

---

\* Own, possess.

† — his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
 Remembered knolling a departing friend.

2 *Henry IV.* i. 1.

For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## 73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

## 74

But be contented: when that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part was consecrate to thee.  
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The prey of worms, my body being dead;  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

## 75

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground;

And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;  
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure :  
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,  
 And by and by clean starvèd for a look ;  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
 Save what is had or must from you be took.  
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## 76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride ?  
 So far from variation or quick change ?  
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?  
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
 And keep invention in a noted weed,\*  
 That every word doth almost tell my name,  
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ?  
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
 And you and love are still my argument ;  
 So all my best is dressing old words new,  
 Spending again what is already spent :  
 For as the sun is daily new and old,  
 So is my love still telling what is told.

## 77

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
 And of this book† this learning mayst thou taste.

\* That is, writing always in the same fashion, like one who appears always in the same dress.

† It seems highly probable, as suggested by Steevens, that this sonnet was accompanied by a present of a table-book, such as was then in common use. See note, *ante*, p. 164. Malone observes that

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
 Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory ; \*  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
 Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

## 78

So oft have I invoked thee for my muse,  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
 As every alien pen hath got my use,  
 And under thee their poesy disperse.  
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learnèd's wing,  
 And given grace a double majesty.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :  
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces gracèd be :  
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## 79

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;  
 But now my gracious numbers are decayed,  
 And my sick muse doth give another place.  
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;

---

Shakspeare acknowledges the receipt of a similar present from his friend in Sonnet 122.

\* What is thy body but a swallowing grave.

*Venus and Adonis.*

Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,  
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

## 80

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit\* doth use your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!  
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
 Or, being wrecked, I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:

Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
 The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

## 81

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;

---

\* Malone conjectures that the allusion here is to Spenser.



And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen) —  
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths  
of men.

## 82

I grant, thou wert not married to my muse,  
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;  
And therefore art enforced to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
And do so, love; yet when they have devised  
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathised  
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;  
And their gross painting might be better used  
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

## 83

I never saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to your fair no painting set.  
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
The barren tender of a poet's debt:  
And therefore have I slept in your report,  
That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
How far a modern\* quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
This silence for my sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
For I impair not beauty being mute,  
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,  
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

---

\* Common or trivial.

## 84

Who is it that says most? which can say more,  
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?  
 In whose confine immurèd is the store  
 Which should example where your equal grew.  
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admirèd every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Being fond on praise,\* which makes your praises  
 worse.

## 85

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compiled,  
 Reserve† their character with golden quill,  
 And precious phrase by all the muses filed.  
 I think good thoughts, while others write good words,  
 And, like unlettered clerk, still cry ‘Amen’  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
 In polished form of well-refinèd pen.  
 Hearing you praised, I say,—‘’Tis so,’ ‘’Tis true,  
 And to the most of praise add something more;  
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,  
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## 86

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,

\* Fond of praise. *On* was often used for *of*. The phrase as here employed is still retained amongst some of the provincial dialects.

† Preserve.

That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,\*  
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast;  
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.  
     But when your countenance filed† up his line,  
     Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine.

## 87

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
     Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
     In sleep, a king, but waking, no such matter.

## 88

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,  
 And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,  
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
 Upon thy part I can set down a story

---

\* Alluding, perhaps, to Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with an angel, and other familiar spirits.—STEEVENS.

† Polished.

Of faults concealed, wherein I am attainted;  
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:  
 And I by this will be a gainer too;  
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
 The injuries that to myself I do,  
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.  
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## 89

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
 And I will comment upon that offence:  
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;  
 Against thy reasons making no defence.  
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
 To set a form upon desired change,  
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,  
 I will acquaintance strangle,\* and look strange;  
 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue  
 Thy sweet-belovèd name no more shall dwell;  
 Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,  
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## 90

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:  
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,  
 Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.  
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 When other petty griefs have done their spite;

---

\* You shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, shall be the very strangler of their amity.—*Antony and Cleopatra*, II. 6.

But in the onset come; so shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortune's might;  
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
 Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

## 91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;  
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;  
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;  
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;  
 But these particulars are not my measure,  
 All these I better in one general best.  
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,\*  
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.  
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

## 92

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
 For term of life thou art assurèd mine;  
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
 For it depends upon that love of thine.  
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end.  
 I see a better state to me belongs  
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
 O, what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!  
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—  
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

\* Richer than doing nothing for a babe;  
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

*Cymbeline*, iii. 3.

## 93

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband; so love's face  
May still seem love to me, though altered-new;  
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:  
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;  
But Heaven in thy creation did decree,  
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;  
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.  
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

## 94

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;  
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
And husband nature's riches from expense;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## 95

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth stop the beauty of thy budding name!  
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!  
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,

Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise :  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
O, what a mansion have those vices got,  
Which for their habitation chose out thee!  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;  
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

## 96

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less :  
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
As on the finger of a thronèd queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteemed ;  
So are those errors that in thee are seen,  
To truths translated, and for true things deemed.  
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!  
But do not so: I love thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## 97

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!  
What old December's bareness every where!  
And yet this time removed was summer's time ;  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:  
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me  
But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit ;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

## 98

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing  
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew ;  
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you ; you pattern of all those.  
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play :

## 99

The forward violet thus did I chide ;— [smells,  
' Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.'  
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair :  
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;  
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

## 100

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?



Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
 Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?  
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
 Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
 If any, be a satire to decay,  
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.  
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
 So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

## 101

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,  
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
 Make answer, Muse; wilt thou not haply say,  
 'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fixed;  
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
 But best is best, if never intermixed?'  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
 Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee  
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
 And to be praised of ages yet to be.  
 Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

## 102

My love is strengthened, though more weak in  
 seeming;  
 I love not less, though less the show appear;  
 That love is merchandised, whose rich esteeming  
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
 And stops her pipe\* in growth of riper days:  
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
 But that wild music burdens every bough,  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.  
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

## 103

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
 O, blame me not if I no more can write!  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well?  
 For to no other pass my verses tend,  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

## 104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned,  
 In process of the seasons have I seen;  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

---

\* All the editions read 'his pipe.' Mr. Housman, in a collection of English sonnets, published a few years ago, substitutes 'her pipe,' an alteration which appears to be quite justified by the context.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—  
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

## 105

Let not my love be called idolatry,  
 Nor my belovèd as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
 Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.

Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,  
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

## 106

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have expressed  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And, for they looked but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## 107

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,\*  
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

## 108

What's in the brain that ink may character,  
 Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?  
 What's new to speak, what now to register,†  
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same;  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love, in love's fresh case  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

## 109

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seemed my flame to qualify!

---

\* Submits.

† Thus in the quarto. Malone considers it 'manifestly erroneous,' and alters the text to 'what new to register.' The change is surely unnecessary. The meaning of the original is perfectly clear.

As easy might I from myself depart,  
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:  
 That is my home of love: if I have ranged,  
 Like him that travels, I return again;  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,—  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reigned  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stained,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
     For nothing this wide universe I call,  
     Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

## 110

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley to the view,  
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new.  
 Most true it is, that I have looked on truth  
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
 These blenches\* gave my heart another youth,  
 And worst essays proved thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end:†  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind

---

\* From the verb *blench*, to start, fly off. A wide latitude of construction appears to have been given to the word:—

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,  
 As cause doth minister.—*Mea. for Mea.* iv. 5.

— Would I do this?

Could man so blench?—*Winter's Tale*, i. 2.

Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

*Troilus and Cress.* i. 1.

— There can be no evasion

To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.—*Ib.* ii. 2.

If he do blench, I know my course.—*Hamlet*, ii. 2.

† The quarto reads—

Now all is done, have what shall have no end.

The alteration, suggested by Tyrwhitt, and adopted by Malone, has

On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.  
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## III

O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide,  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.\*  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :  
 Pity me then, and wish I were renewed ;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection : †

---

been accepted by all subsequent editors except Mr. Knight, who gives the following reason for reverting to the original :—' Now all is done' clearly applies to the *blanches*, the *worse essays* ; but the poet then adds ' have thou what shall have no end'—my constant affection, my undivided friendship.' The close of the sonnet, asking welcome from his friend, seems to sustain Mr. Knight's interpretation. The emendation, which does not materially affect the sense, is here adopted because it imparts greater clearness to the general expression.

\* ' The author seems here to lament,' observes Malone, ' his being reduced to the necessity of appearing on the stage, or writing for the theatre.' Such conjectures should be received with caution, since they are founded on the assumption that the Sonnets are autobiographical. Malone does not explain why Shakspeare should say that his connexion with the theatre, from which he derived all his honours, had fixed a brand on his name.

† A controversy upon the meaning of the word *eysell*, sometimes spelt *eisel* and sometimes *esile*, began between Steevens and Malone, and has been continued down to the present day. It is unnecessary to enter into the merits of a contention which, notwithstanding the ingenuity expended upon it, leaves the question still unsettled. The sense in which the word was originally, and generally, used is that of vinegar. It is so used by Chaucer and Skelton in passages which admit of no doubt as to the interpretation. Thus Skelton :—

He drank eisel and gall.

Thus also an old ballad in Ritson's collection quoted by Nares :—

And drank both eysell and gall.

This is clearly the sense in which Shakspeare employs it in the above

No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## 112

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?  
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steeled sense or changes, right or wrong.\*  
 In so profound abysm I throw all care  
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—

line, where he speaks of drinking potions of eyself as a protection against infection. But in *Hamlet* it occurs in a less obvious meaning:—

— Show me what thou'lt do!

Wou't weep? wou't fight? wou't fast? wou't tear thyself?

Wou't drink up elsel? eat a crocodile?

I'll do it.

Nares' commentary on this passage includes the whole question in dispute, and assigns the grounds on which the writer concludes that in this instance the word bears a construction different from that in which it appears to have been ordinarily used;—'There is said to be a river Oesil in Denmark, or, if not, Shakspeare might think there was. Yssel has been mentioned, but that is in Holland: and even Nile, but that is as remote from the reading as from the place. The question was much disputed between Messrs. Steevens and Malone, the former being for the river, the latter for the vinegar; and he endeavoured even to get over the *drink up*, which stood much in the way. But, after all, the challenge to drink vinegar, in such a rant, is so inconsistent, and even ridiculous, that we must decide for the river, whether its name can be exactly found or not. To drink up a river, and eat a crocodile, with his impenetrable scales, are two things equally impossible. There is no kind of comparison between the others.'

\* 'The meaning seems to be—You are the only person who has the power to change my stubborn resolution, either to what is right or to what is wrong.'—STEEVENS.

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
That all the world besides methinks are dead.\*

## 113

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,  
And that which governs me to go about,  
Doth part his function,† and is partly blind,  
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
For it no form delivers to the heart  
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;‡  
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch:  
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet favour,§ or deformed'st creature,  
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.  
Incapable of more, replete with you,  
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.||

## 114

Or whether doth my mind, being crowned with you,  
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery;  
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
To make of monsters and things indigest,  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best,  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,  
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:

\* That is, I am so engrossed by you, that I am indifferent to the opinions of the rest of the world, and act as if there were nobody living except yourself.

† Doth only in part perform its function.

‡ Seize or hold.

§ Countenance.

|| Untruth. 'The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth; i. e., of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind.'—MALONE.



If it be poisoned, 'tis the lesser sin  
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

## 115

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;  
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
But reckoning time, whose millioned accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;  
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best,'  
When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

## 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no; it is an ever-fixèd mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come:  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## 117

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;

Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right;  
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,  
 Bring me within the level of your frown,  
 But shoot not at me in your wakened hate:  
     Since my appeal says, I did not strive to prove  
     The constancy and virtue of your love.

## 118

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager\* compounds we our palate urge;  
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;  
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;  
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
 To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.  
     But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
     Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## 119

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,  
 Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,  
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!

---

\* *Aigre*, Fr.

How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,\*  
 In the distraction of this madding fever!  
 O benefit of ill! now I find true  
 That better is by evil still made better,  
 And ruined love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I return rebuked to my content,  
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## 120

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,  
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
 As I by yours, you have passed a hell of time;  
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
 To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.  
 O that our night of woe might have remembered  
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tendered  
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

## 121

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed,  
 When not to be receives reproach of being,  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed  
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.  
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No,—I am that I am; and they that level  
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:

---

\* Apparently—'How have mine eyes been thrown into fits,' forming a verb from the substantive.

I may be straight, though they themselves be  
bevel;\*  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;  
Unless this general evil they maintain,—  
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## 122

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full charactered† with lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
Beyond all date, even to eternity :  
Or at the least so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
Till each to rased oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be missed.  
That poor retention could not so much hold,‡  
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## 123

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;  
And rather make them born to our desire,  
Than think that we before have heard them told.

---

\* Crooked, or awry. In building and carpentry, any curve or inclination of a surface from the right line is called a bevel.

† This accentuation shows the danger of trusting to the versification as a test of pronunciation. The word was ordinarily accentuated charactered.—See note, *ante*, p. 111.

‡ ‘ ‘ That poor retention ’ is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or rather of containing, so much as the tablet of the brain.’—MALONE.

Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;  
 For thy records and what we see do lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste:  
     This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
     I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

## 124

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered,  
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.  
 No, it was builded far from accident;  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:  
 It fears not policy, that heretic,  
 Which works on leases of short-numbered hours;  
 But all alone stands hugely politic,  
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.  
     To this I witness call the fools of time,  
     Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

## 125

Were it aught to me I bore 'the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honouring,  
 Or laid great bases for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,  
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mixed with seconds, knows no art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.  
     Hence, thou suborned informer! a true soul,  
     When most impeached, stands least in thy control.

## 126

O thou, my lovely boy, 'who in thy power  
 Dost hold time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st !  
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure ;  
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure :  
 Her audit, though delayed, answered must be ;  
 And her quietus is to render thee.\*

## 127

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;  
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
 And beauty slandered with a bastard shame :  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false-borrowed face,  
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,  
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem  
 At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem : †  
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

## 128

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st  
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds

---

\* This stanza differs in form from the rest, being written in rhymed couplets, and consisting of only twelve lines.

† ' They seem to mourn, that those who are not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not ; and thus dishonour nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions.'—MALONE.

With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envÿ those jacks,\* that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!  
 To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more blessed than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## 129

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
 Enjoyed no sooner, but despised straight;  
 Past reason, hunted; and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad:  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
 A bliss in proof,—and, proved, a very woe;  
 Before, a joy proposed,—behind, a dream:  
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

## 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

---

\* Part of the instrument called a virginal, which was a keyed instrument of one string, with a jack, or hammer, and quill to each note. The virginal was a kind of spinet, and in form resembled a small piano-forte.

I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground ;  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she, belied with false compare.

## 131

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;  
For well thou know'st, to my dear dotting heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan ;  
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck, do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## 132

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain ;  
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face :  
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart



To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## 133

Beshrew that heart, that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweetest friend must be?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed;  
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;  
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail:  
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## 134

So now I have confessed that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will;  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:  
But thou wilt not; nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;  
He learned but, surety-like, to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute\* of my beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;  
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

---

\* 'Statute has here its legal signification; that of a security or obligation for money.'—MALONE.

## 135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,  
 And will to boot, and will in overplus:  
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store;  
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will  
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more.  
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
 Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

## 136

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
 Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
 Among a number one is reckoned none.\*  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still;  
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is Will.

## 137

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see?

---

\* Which on more view of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

*Romeo and Juliet*, 1. 2.

They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchored in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,\*  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

## 138

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies;  
 That she might think me some untutored youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.  
 But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?  
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old?  
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told:  
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

## 139

O, call not me to justify the wrong,  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;

---

\* A several, in its general signification, was an enclosed pasture. Several had also a special legal signification, and meant a portion of common assigned to a particular proprietor for a specified term, the right of common being waived, for the time being, by the other commoners. This is the meaning in which it is here used.

Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me, thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
 might

Is more than my o'erpressed defence can 'bide?  
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:  
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

## 140

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;  
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know;  
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied, [wide.  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go

## 141

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone;

Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone :  
But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
Who leaves unswayed the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :  
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

## 142

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :  
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;  
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,  
And sealed false bonds of love as oft as mine ;  
Robbed others' beds revènués of their rents.  
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :  
Root pity in thine heart, that when it grows,  
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
By self-example mayst thou be denied !

## 143

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feathered creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch  
In pùrsuit of the thing she would have stay ;  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;  
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,  
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## 144

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest\* me still  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman, coloured ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turned fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell.  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## 145

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,  
Breathed forth the sound that said, 'I hate,'  
To me that languished for her sake:  
But when she saw my woful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
Was used in giving gentle doom;  
And taught it thus anew to greet:  
'I hate,' she altered with an end,  
That followed it as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
From heaven to hell is flown away.  
'I hate,' from hate away she threw,  
And saved my life, saying—'Not you.†

---

\* Tempt.

† It will be observed that this sonnet is written in octo-syllabic verse.

## 146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
 Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,\*  
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
     So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
     And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

## 147

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,  
 Desire is death, which physic did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,†  
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly expressed;  
     For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
     Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

---

The quarto reads :—

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
 My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array.

The line as it stands in the text was supplied by Malone.

† Past cure, past care—an old proverb.

## 148

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight?  
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures\* falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,  
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
 That is so vexed with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel then though I mistake my view;  
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.  
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## 149

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
 When I, against myself, with thee partake?†  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
 Nay, if thou lower'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;  
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## 150

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?

---

\* Judges.

† Take part with thee against myself.



To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
 That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:  
     If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
     More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

## 151

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
 For thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;  
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
     No want of conscience hold it that I call  
     Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## 152

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;  
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty? I am perjured most;  
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:

For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;  
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;  
 For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,  
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

## 153

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:  
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
 Which borrowed from this holy fire of love  
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,  
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
 I sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
 And thither hied, a sad distempered guest,  
 But found no cure; the bath for my help lies  
 Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

## 154

The little love-god lying once asleep,  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep,  
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
 The fairest votary took up that fire  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warmed;  
 And so the general of hot desire  
 Was sleeping, by a virgin hand disarmed.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
 Growing a bath and healthy remedy  
 For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill, whose concave womb reworded\*  
 A plaintful story from a sistering vale,  
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,  
 And down I laid† to list the sad-tuned tale :  
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.‡

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
 The carcass of a beauty spent and done.  
 Time had not scythèd all that youth begun,  
 Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,  
 Some beauty peeped through lattice of seared age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,  
 Which on it had conceited characters,§  
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine  
 That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears,  
 And often reading what contents it bears;  
 As often shrieking undistinguished woe,  
 In clamours of all size, both high and low,

Sometimes her levelled eyes their carriage ride,||  
 As they did battery to the spheres intend;  
 Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied  
 To the orbèd earth; sometimes they do extend  
 Their view right on; anon their gazes lend  
 To every place at once, and no where fixed,  
 The mind and sight distractedly commixed.

---

\* Echoed.

† Altered in the modern editions to 'lay.' The reading is, 'And down I laid myself,' &c.

‡ We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 2.

§ Fantastical figures.

|| In allusion to a piece of ordnance.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,  
 Proclaimed in her a careless hand of pride ;  
 For some, untucked, descended her sheaved hat,\*  
 Hanging her pale and pinèd cheek beside ;  
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide ;  
 And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund† she drew,  
 Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,‡  
 Which one by one she in a river threw,  
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;  
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
 Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall  
 Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
 Which she perused, sighed, tore, and gave the flood ;  
 Cracked many a ring of posied gold and bone,§  
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;  
 Found yet more letters sadly penned in blood,

\* The epithet refers to the sheaves from which the straw hat was formed.

† A small hand-basket with opening covers, commonly used by market women to carry eggs and butter. Drayton furnishes a description of one :—

And in a little maund, being made of oziars small,  
 Which serveth him to do full many a thing withall,  
 He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.—*Polyolbion*.

The verb *maund* signifies to beg, perhaps from the custom of carrying a basket to receive contributions. To this origin may also be ascribed *Maundy Thursday*, when alms are distributed to poor people who bring baskets to receive them.

‡ Some of the modern editions substituted 'beaded jet.' The meaning of the original would seem to be jet set in some other substance.

§ In the *Merchant of Venice* we have a specimen of the posies, or mottoes, that used to be inscribed on rings given as pledges of love :—

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
 That she did give me ; whose posy was,  
 For all the world like cutler's poetry  
 Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not*.—v. 1.

With sleided silk \* feat and affectedly  
Enswathed, and sealed to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,  
And often kissed, and often gave to tear; †  
Cried, 'O false blood! thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!  
Ink would have seemed more black and damnèd here!  
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh,  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle ‡ knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observèd as they flew;  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;  
And, privileged by age, desires to know  
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grainèd bat, §  
And comely-distant sits he by her side;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:  
If that from him there may be aught applied  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'Tis promised, in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

---

\* Raw silk prepared for use in the weaver's sley. The allusion is to the custom of tying letters with a thread of silk, passed for security under the seal.

† Changed by Malone to 'gan to tear.'

‡ Bustle. A ruffler was a turbulent, boasting bully. The term was also applied to idle vagrants who went about committing violent and lawless practices.

§ Staff; properly a cudgel or club.

' But, woe is me! too early I attended  
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)  
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended,  
 That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:  
 Love lacked a dwelling, and made him her place;  
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
 She was new lodged, and newly deified.

' His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;  
 And every light occasion of the wind  
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.\*  
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:  
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;  
 For on his visage was in little drawn,  
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.†

' Small show of man was yet upon his chin;  
 His phoenix down began but to appear,  
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
 Whose bare outbragged the web it seemed to wear;  
 Yet showed his visage by that cost most dear;  
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

' His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
 For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;  
 Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm  
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.  
 His rudeness so with his authòrised youth  
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

' Well could he ride, and often men would say,—  
 'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:  
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, [makes!'  
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he  
 And controversy hence a question takes,

\* Boswell suggests *purls*, which would convey, metaphorically, a clearer meaning.—See note, *ante*, p. 131.

† Sown.

Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

' But quickly on this side the verdict went;  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplished in himself, not in his case:  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Can for additions;\* yet their purposed trim  
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

' So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

' That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted:  
Consents bewitched, ere he desire, have granted;  
And dialogued for him what he would say,  
Asked their own wills, and made their wills obey.

' Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;  
Like fools that in the imagination set

---

\* Thus the old quarto, changed by Malone, to whom it appeared unintelligible, into 'came for additions,' which is unmeaning. *Can*, in its ordinary use, meant knows, the present tense of *came*, to know, also to be able to do anything well, or skillfully, as in the following instance:—

I have seen myself, and served against the French,  
And they can well on horseback.—*Hamlet*, iv. 7.

*For* was used in an infinite variety of meanings, since, because, of, by, &c., governed by the combination in which it was employed. The idiomatic phrase, *can for*, as it is here placed, implies that the garniture of dress and ornament knew, *i. e.*, derived, additional grace from the rider.

The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assigned;  
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,  
Than the true gouty landlord, which doth owe them:

' So many have, that never touched his hand,  
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.  
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)  
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

' Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;  
Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remained the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

' But, ah! who ever shunned by precedent  
The destined ill she must herself assay?  
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-passed perils in her way?  
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen  
By blunting us, to make our wits more keen.

' Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof,  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weep, and cry,—' It is thy last.'

' For further I could say,—' This man's untrue;  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;  
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,



Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;  
 Knew vows were ever brokers\* to defiling;  
 Thought† characters, and words, merely but art,  
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

‘ And long upon these terms I held my city,  
 Till thus he ‘gan besiege me: ‘ Gentle maid,  
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
 And be not of my holy vows afraid:  
 That’s to you sworn, to none was ever said;  
 For feasts of love I have been called unto,  
 Till now did ne’er invite, nor never vow.

“ All my offences that abroad you see,  
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;  
 Love made them not; with acture‡ they may be,  
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind:  
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find;  
 And so much less of shame in me remains,  
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

“ Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,  
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,  
 Or any of my leisures ever charmed:  
 Harm have I done to them, but ne’er was harmed;  
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
 And reigned, commanding in his monarchy.

“ Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
 Of palèd pearls, and rubies red as blood;  
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
 In bloodless white and the encrimsoned mood;  
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
 Encamped in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

---

\* A broker was a go-between, or pander.

† Malone places a comma here, under the impression that thought is used as a substantive, not as a verb. The sequence, however, justifies the original reading. In consequence of what she knew, heard, and saw, she thought that his characters, i. e., his letters and words, were mere art.

‡ Action.

‘ And, lo! behold these talents\* of their hair,  
 With twisted metal amorously impleached,†  
 I have received from many a several fair,  
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseeched)  
 With the annexions of fair gems enriched,  
 And deep-brained sonnets that did amplify  
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

‘ The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,  
 Whereto his invised‡ properties did tend;  
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;  
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
 With objects manifold: each several stone,  
 With wit well blazoned,§ smiled or made some moan.

‘ Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,  
 Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,  
 Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,  
 But yield them up where I myself must render,  
 That is, to you, my origin and ender:  
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

‘ O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;  
 Take all these similes to your own command,  
 Hallowed with sighs that burning lungs did raise;  
 What me you minister, for you obeys,  
 Works under you; and to your audit comes  
 Their distract parcels in combinèd sums.

‘ Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,  
 Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;  
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun,||

\* Explained by Malone as meaning ‘ lockets, consisting of hair platted and set in gold.’ There was no such term applied expressly to lockets. It is here used metaphorically to indicate the costliness of the gifts. Ancient weights and coins were called talents. The Hebrews had gold and silver talents. The silver coin so called was equivalent in value to nearly 400*l*.

† Intertwined.

‡ Invisible.

§ Inscribed with a posy.

|| ‘ Who lately retired from the solicitation of her noble admirers.’—MALONE.

Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;\*  
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,†  
 But kept cold distance; and did thence remove,  
 To spend her living in eternal love.

“But, O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave  
 The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?  
 Paling the place which did no form receive,‡  
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves.  
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
 The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,  
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

“O, pardon me, in that my boast is true;  
 The accident which brought me to her eye:  
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
 And now she would the caged cloister fly:  
 Religious love put out religion's eye:  
 Not to be tempted, would she be immured,  
 And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

“How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!  
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
 And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
 Must for your victory us all congeat,§  
 As compound love to physic your cold breast.

“My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,  
 Who, disciplined and dieted in grace,  
 Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,  
 All vows and consecrations giving place.  
 O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,

---

\* ‘Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary, that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her.’—MALONE. Mr. Dyce thinks that ‘havings,’ should be taken in its ordinary sense of fortune, i. e., possessions. † Coat of arms.

‡ ‘Securing within the pale of a cloister, that heart which had never received the impression of love.’—MALONE. The old quarto reads, ‘Playing the place,’ &c. The emendation is by Malone.

§ Collect together.

In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

‘When thou impresses, what are precepts worth  
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame? [shame;  
Love’s arms are peace, ’gainst rule, ’gainst sense, ’gainst  
And sweetens, in the suffering paugs it bears,  
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

‘Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,  
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the battery that you make ’gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.’

‘This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights till then were levelled on my face: \*  
Each cheek, a river running from a fount,  
With brinish current downward flowed apace:  
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who, glazed with crystal, gate† the glowing roses  
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

‘O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear?  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
What breast so cold, that is not warmèd here?  
O cleft effect! ‡ cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath§

‘For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolved my reason into tears;  
There my white stole of chastity I daffed,§

\* Another military image; see *ante*, p. 226. The allusion, says Malone, is to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a rest.

† Got.

‡ Divided effect.

§ Doffed.

Shook off my sober guards, and civil\* fears;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,  
His poisoned me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels,† all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;

'That not a heart which in his level came,  
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;  
And veiled in them, did win whom he would maim:  
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim:  
When he most burned in heart-wished luxury,‡  
He preached pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

'Thus, merely with the garment of a Grace,  
The naked and concealèd fiend he covered,  
That the unexperienced gave the tempter place,  
Which, like a cherubin, above them hovered.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so loved?  
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glowed,  
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestowed,  
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming owed,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betrayed,  
And new pervert a reconcilèd maid!'

---

\* Grave, decorous.

† Cunning or artful designs.

‡ Lust.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

[UNDER this title, which had no apparent relation to the contents of the volume, William Jaggard, a bookseller, published in 1599 a small miscellany of poems written by different persons, fraudulently placing on the title-page the name of William Shakspeare.

Few deceptions of this kind have ever been more deliberately committed. Jaggard not only ascribed pieces to Shakspeare which he could have had no ground for believing to have been written by him, but others which he knew were not. Amongst the latter were a Sonnet and an Ode by Richard Barnefield, which had been published with Barnefield's name only a year before. From a collection of Sonnets by B. Griffin, entitled *Fidessa more Chaste than Kind*, published in 1596, Jaggard extracted another piece; from Marlowe he stole the well-known madrigal, *Come Live with me, and be my Love*; and upon Heywood's *Britayne's Troy*, the authorship of which was notorious, he levied still more important contributions. Of the poems, or fragments, supposed to belong to Shakspeare, (the whole of which are here collected,) a few are known, and others are doubtful. That Jaggard had some legitimate unpublished materials to build his speculation upon is shown in two Sonnets of Shakspeare's which he published for the first time, and which were afterwards printed in the authorized collection of 1609, where they were numbered, as in the preceding series, 138 and 144. He also availed himself of some of the songs in the plays; and contrived, upon the whole, to embrace a sufficient quantity of Shakspeare's verse to give a colourable excuse for the introduction of his name. Of the remaining pieces that have not been traced to other sources, there are now no means of judging except by internal evidence; and in such light, fanciful productions, style and manner are not very certain tests. The fragments to which, upon these grounds, the greatest doubt seems to attach are those numbered 13 and 15.]

## I

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
 She told him stories to delight his ear;  
 She showed him favours to allure his eye;  
 To win his heart, she touched him here and there:  
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
 Or he refused to take her figured proffer,  
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:  
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;  
 He rose, and ran away; ah, fool, too froward!

## 2

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made,  
 Under an osier growing by a brook,  
 A brook, where Adon used to cool his spleen.  
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
 For his approach, that often there had been.  
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;  
 The sun looked on the world with glorious eye,  
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.  
 He spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood;  
 'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood?'

## 3

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,

. . . . . \*

---

\* The intermediate line is lost.

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;  
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:  
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,  
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;  
 'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth  
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded by a boar,  
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
 See in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'  
 She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,  
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

4\*

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,†  
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him.‡  
 'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me!  
 And then she clipped Adonis in her arms:  
 'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced me!  
 As if the boy should use like loving charms.  
 'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seizèd on my lips!  
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure;  
 And as she fetchèd breath, away he skips,  
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
 Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,  
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

---

\* This sonnet is also found, with some variations, in a collection of sonnets by B. Griffin, entitled *Fidessa more Chaste than Kind*, published in 1596. The authorship, consequently, is doubtful.

† This line is adopted from Griffin. Jaggard's version of it is imperfect:—

Venus with Adonis sitting by her.

‡ From Griffin also. Jaggard reads:—

And as he fell to her, she fell to him.



## 5

Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasance.  
Age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short,  
Youth is nimble, age is lame:  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee,  
Youth, I do adore thee;  
O, my love, my love is young!  
Age, I do defy thee;  
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long!

## 6

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely plucked, soon vaded!  
Plucked in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!  
Fair creature, killed too soon by death's sharp sting!  
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will:  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:  
O, yes, dear friend! I pardon crave of thee;  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

## 7

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,  
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,  
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:

A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,  
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!  
 How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!  
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burned with love, as straw with fire flameth;  
 She burned out love, as soon as straw outburneth;  
 She framed the love, and yet she foiled the framing;  
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?  
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

## 8\*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument†  
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
 Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.  
 A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
 Thy grace being gained, cures all disgrace in me.  
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,  
 Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

\* This sonnet is introduced in *Love's Labour Lost*, iv. 3.

† In *Love's Labour Lost*, the reading is 'cannot hold argument.'

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

## 9\*

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
O never could faith hold, if not to beauty vowed:  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;  
Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers  
bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.  
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learnèd is that tongue, that well can thee com-  
mend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:  
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dread-  
ful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,

To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly  
tongue.

## 10

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;  
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,  
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress,  
So beauty, blemished once, for ever's lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

\* This sonnet, written in the unusual measure of Alexandrines, is also in *Love's Labour Lost*, iv. 2, with some variations.

## II

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:  
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;  
And daffed me to a cabin hanged with care,  
To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
‘Farewell,’ quoth she, ‘and come again to-morrow;’  
Fare well I could not, for I supped with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:  
’T may be, she joyed to jest at my exile,  
’T may be, again to make me wander thither:  
‘Wander!’—a word for shadows like myself,  
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## 12

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise  
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;  
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
And drives away dark, dismal-dreaming night:  
The night so packed, I post unto my pretty:  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
Sorrow changed to solace, solace mixed with sorrow;  
For why? she sighed, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
But now are minutes added to the hours;  
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;\*  
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!  
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;  
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

---

\* The old copy reads ‘an hour.’ The alteration was suggested by Steevens.

## 13

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,  
 That likèd of her master as well as well might be,  
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest eye could see,  
 Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did  
 fight,

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight;  
 To put in practice either, alas! it was a spite

Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,  
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,  
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with  
 disdain:

Alas! she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,  
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;  
 Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay:  
 For now my song is ended.

## 14\*

On a day, (alack the day!)  
 Love, whose month was ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air:  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wished himself the heaven's breath.  
 'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would I might triumph so!  
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;  
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

\* In *Love's Labour Lost*, iv. 3., and also, with Shakspeare's name, in *England's Helicon*, 1600, under the title of *The Passionate Shepherd's Song*.

Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee ;\*  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiope were ;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.'

15†

My flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not ;

All is amiss :

Love is dying,  
 Faith's defying,  
 Heart's renying, ‡

Causer of this.

All merry jigs§ are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :  
 Where her faith was firmly fixed in love,  
 There a nay is placed without remove.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss ;

\* This couplet is taken from the play. It does not occur in either of the other versions.

† These lines appear to have been first published in a collection of madrigals by Thomas Weelkes, 1597. They were also printed in *England's Helicon*, under the title of *The Unknown Shepheard's Complaint*, with the affix *Ignoto*—the usual signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. It would carry us out of our way to enter upon the question of Raleigh's exclusive claim to the signature. The evidence is clear that it was also used by others ; and Mr. Hannah's supposition (see his careful edition of Raleigh and Wotton's poems) that it was considered equivalent to *Anonymous* is, probably, correct. Whether, however, Shakspeare was the author of the above piece may be doubted ; but there is no ground for rejecting it except the internal evidence, which certainly justifies the distrust with which it has been regarded by some of Shakspeare's editors.

‡ Renouncing : from the French word *renier*.

§ The jigs here alluded to were burlesque metrical compositions. They were frequently introduced at the end of an interlude, and were sung by the clown, who sometimes enhanced the humour by a dance. Hence, probably, the word acquired its present signification.

O frowning Fortune, cursèd, fickle dame !  
 For now I see,  
 Inconstancy  
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,  
 All fears scorn I,  
 Love hath forlorn me,  
 Living in thrall :

Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,  
 (O cruel speeding !)

Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal ;\*  
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
 My curtail dog that wont to have played,  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;  
 With sighs so deep,  
 Procures† to weep,

In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
 How sighs resound

Through harkless ground,

Like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight!‡

Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Loud bells ring not

Cheerfully ;

Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back creeping  
 Fearfully.

---

\* In no degree.

† To make sense of this, the dog, as Malone observes, must here be understood.

‡ The whole passage is hopelessly obscure ; nor do we derive any assistance from the variation of 'heartless,' instead of 'harkless ground,' which is found in other editions, 'Harkless' is given by Weelkes.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains,  
 All our evening sport from us is fled,  
 All our love is lost; for love is dead.  
 Farewell, sweet lass,  
 Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:  
 Poor Coridon  
 Must live alone,  
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

## 16\*

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 And stalled the deer that thou wouldst strike,  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 As well as fancy, partial might.†  
 Take counsel of some wiser head,  
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
 Lest she some subtle practice smell;  
 (A cripple soon can find a halt)  
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
 And set thy person forth to sell.

And to her will frame all thy ways;  
 Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there  
 Where thy desert may merit praise,  
 By ringing always in her ear:

---

\* This piece terminates the collection called *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The two poems that follow are taken from other sources.

† Steevens, to mend the rhyme, proposed to read 'partial tike,' a name applied to a common dog, and also used as a term of contempt. This reading, which destroys the meaning of the passage, is adopted by Malone, and rejected by Mr. Dyce, who substitutes another in the second line, 'smite' for 'strike,' to make it rhyme with 'might.' Defective rhymes occur so often that it is hazardous to treat them as corruptions—the only ground on which such alterations can be considered justifiable. In the very next stanza we have another example, 'talk' and 'halt.'



The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assurèd trust,  
And in thy suit be humble, true;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Press never thou to choose anew:  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will clear\* ere night;  
And then too late she will repent,  
That she dissembled her delight;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That with such scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say:  
'Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith you had not had it then.'

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women love to match with men,  
And not to live so like a saint:  
Here is no heaven; they holy then  
Begin, when age doth them attain.  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

---

\* Jaggard's edition reads 'calm.' The reading in the text is from a MS. copy of the age of Shakspeare, referred to by Malone.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,  
 For if my lady hear my song,  
 She will not stick to wring mine ear,  
 To teach my tongue to be so long :  
     Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
     To hear her secrets so bewrayed.

## 17 \*

Take, oh! take those lips away,  
     That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
     Lights that do mislead the morn!  
 But my kisses bring again,  
 Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,  
     Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow  
     Are of those that April wears!  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

## 18 †

Let the bird of loudest lay,  
 On the sole Arabian tree, ‡

---

\* The first verse of this song is in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 6, and both are in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, v. 2. The whole is attributed to Shakspeare in an edition of his poems published in 1640. The evidence of the authorship is not satisfactory. The source of the song may be traced to the fragment *Ad Lydiam*, ascribed to Cornelius Gallus.—See *Songs from the Dramatists*, pp. 95, 148.

† The authority upon which this poem is ascribed to Shakspeare is a work published in 1601, by Robert Chester, called *Love's Martyr; or Rosalin's Complaint*. At the end of the poem which bears this title, several 'new compositions' are added, stated to be 'done by the best and chiefest of our modern writers, with their names subscribed to their particular works—never before extant.' Amongst these 'new compositions' this piece is printed with Shakspeare's name. It was afterwards included in the collated edition of his poems, 1640.

‡ The Arabian bird and the 'sole Arabian tree' are elsewhere

Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul precurrer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feathered king :  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,\*  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :  
Love and constancy is dead ;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

---

referred to by Shakspeare, a circumstance which strengthens the internal evidence of the authorship :—

If she be furnished with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird.—*Cymbeline*, i. 7.

O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !

*Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 2.

— Now I will believe

That there are unicorns ; that, in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne ; one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.—*Tempest*, iii. 3.

— One, whose subdued eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum.—*Othello*, v. 2.

\* See note, *ante*, p. 230.

So they loved, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight:  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together;  
To themselves yet either-neither,  
Simple were so well compounded

That it cried, how true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne\*  
To the phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love;  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

#### THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

---

\* Lamentation.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:  
'Twas not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

THE END.

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